

ISSUE

11

ink

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Disease

The Weirdos

Ian MacKaye

FlipSide



and
much
more

by Mindy Alper



FRONT COVER PHOTO OF THE
WEIRDOS BY AL FLIPSIDE

ALL PHOTOS BY THOMAS UN-
LESS OTHERWISE NOTED



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Full page----- (7 1/4" x 10") \$75.00
Half page----- (7 1/4" x 5") \$50.00
1/4 page----- (3 5/8" x 5") \$25.00
Business card-- (3 1/2" x 2") \$ 5.00

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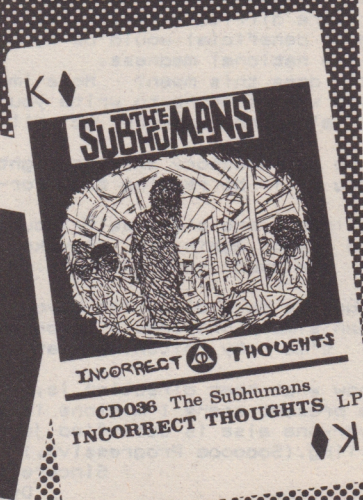
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ANARCHY

MURDER BY MAIL

Dear Staff,

A lot of time, energy, and money has been put into your mag, and every bit of it shows. Your layout and reproduction are among the best of its kind.

The content of your mag, however, seems designed to appeal to such a narrow social group that it openly contradicts its "Social Change" pretensions.

Okay, the world is pain, and it is run by madmen (and women). This is nothing new, only history changes the names to protect the guilty. New faces, old ideas.

Death cults have come and gone. Probably the last cult of death whose nihilistic mentality was as widespread as our present nuclear-war-reaction was during the middle ages, as a reaction to the Bubonic Plague. And if society lives through the present threat, there will one day be another. So what.

The point is choice. To be angry is a decision. To glorify the pursuit of pain as a reaction to pain is to allow madmen to determine your lifestyle. More difficult (maybe impossible) but infinitely more beneficial would be to glorify the opposite of the national madness.

What exactly does this mean? More importantly, do you really want someone to write you a letter giving you all the answers to all the big questions?

There are no satisfactory answers right now, or what would you still be reading this for-you would know all.

These punk ideals are old, self-indulgent, and proven time and again to provoke in the "opposition" the exact sort of reaction you claim to hate.

There has got to be a direction beyond punk, one that more than simply provides a desperate excuse to occupy time by bitching at different lifestyles.

I don't know what that direction is, but by the looks of the present scene I'm alone in my search for it. Everyone else is satisfied just drinking beer and yelling. (Sooooooo Progressive.)

Sincerely,

Dysenchanted

Attention All Bands

If your planning on touring Canada and would like to play Winnipeg, Manetoba send as much info as possible to :

Some Guy
157 Maryland St.
Winnipeg, Manitoba 204-772-8227
R36 1K0 Mike L.

Some Guy
70 Byars Bay
Winnipeg, Manitoba 204-667-3626
R2K 3A5 Mark P

Some Guy

5 Virden Cres
Winnipeg, Manitoba 204-222-2224
R2C 2A3 Jim C

Some places you can play up here: Wellington's (Bar), Le Rendezvous (hall), Playhouse (Concert Hall), Upstairs At The St. Charles (all ages). We do guarantees and percentages and can do shows from 200-1400 people.

Yours Truly
Some Guy Productions

Hey Brady,

How dare you condemn B.F.'s "Process of Weeding Out" on the basis that it doesn't adhere to the "Rules"? What the hell is this "Rules" shit? Granted: tastes vary from person to person; I liked the album and you didn't. Fine, but to say the album is bad because it doesn't follow "Rules" is the same sort of formulaic attitude that has led to the rise of such garbage as Wham!, Journey, Billy Joel, etc. (Not to mention D.K.) and the subsequent demise of quality musical output.

Look at Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" (From whence Rites of Spring took their name): Here was a piece that, for the first time, emphasized rhythm as an integral part of the music, rather than allowing it to come naturally with the melody. Here was a piece so new, so adventurous, so different, that a riot was started at its 1913 debut performance. All, because Stravinsky refused to follow the rules. And yet, the "Rite of Spring" is today recognized as a masterpiece of the twentieth century.

Now, I would not be nearly so pretentious as to compare "The Process of Weeding Out" to "The Rite of Spring" (although it is a more logical comparison than Rush). "The Process" may not be the classic that "The Rite" is, but at least it's an attempt at something new. Punk has begun to become rather generic lately, and it's refreshing to hear something new and different, especially from one of the "Old Guard."

Brady: I'm not telling you that you should like the album (that's your business). I'm just saying you should think twice before condemning it for not following "Rules." Fuck the rules; full speed ahead.

Thanx, BLAIQ

Dearest BLAIQ,

Everyone has their rules, you, me, Black Flag. I just thought that for a band that touts themselves as a "solid column of rock power" in their hilarious press release should, well, rock hard like they usually do. On that record they didn't, they broke my (and theirs?) rule. Sorry, BLAIQ, don't argue the Flag with someone who's got the Bars etched on the underside of his scrotum. My Response, Brady "My War" Rifkin

ID: What do you guys do for fun?

Al: This is fun.

Holly: We go on vacation with Ink Disease.

ID: Are you two into surfing and skateboarding?

Al: Yeah, I'm into everything.

Joe: Don't forget sledding.

Holly: I'm into surfing but I'm not into skateboarding.

Al: Sledding, skiing, skating.

Holly: I like to swing. I like to swing on swings. I don't like to swing. Know what I mean? I like to read. I like to slug people in the back and belly and the side of the face.

Al: You H.B.

ID: Putting out records? How much does it cost? Who makes the money?

Al: We sell our records for \$3.50 to distributors. From there it's anyone's guess what happens, or how it gets up to \$8.99. We don't sell our records for \$8.99. It's something between the distributors and the stores and there isn't anything you can do about it. Even if you

PART 2

G.B.H. at the Santa Monica Civic. It was just the best show. The highest point.

Al: I don't know about that.

Holly: Better than the Clash, better than the Buzzcocks. Almost as good as seeing the Saints. Just the highlight.

Al: It was definitely better than the Clash who were a big disappointment in my eyes.

Holly: I'm not into violence anymore.

ID: (laughing) Were you into violence before? I heard you two did some wild things in your day.

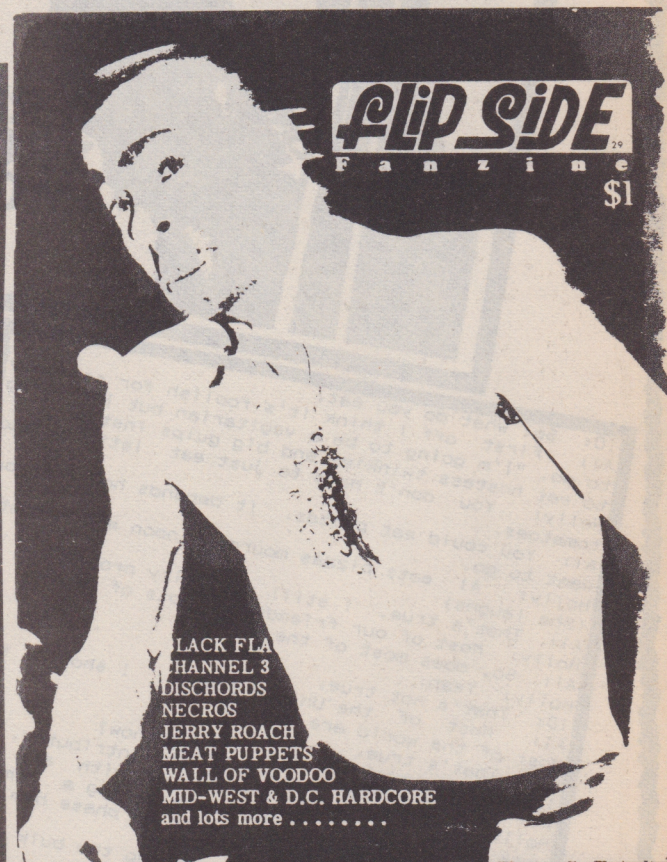
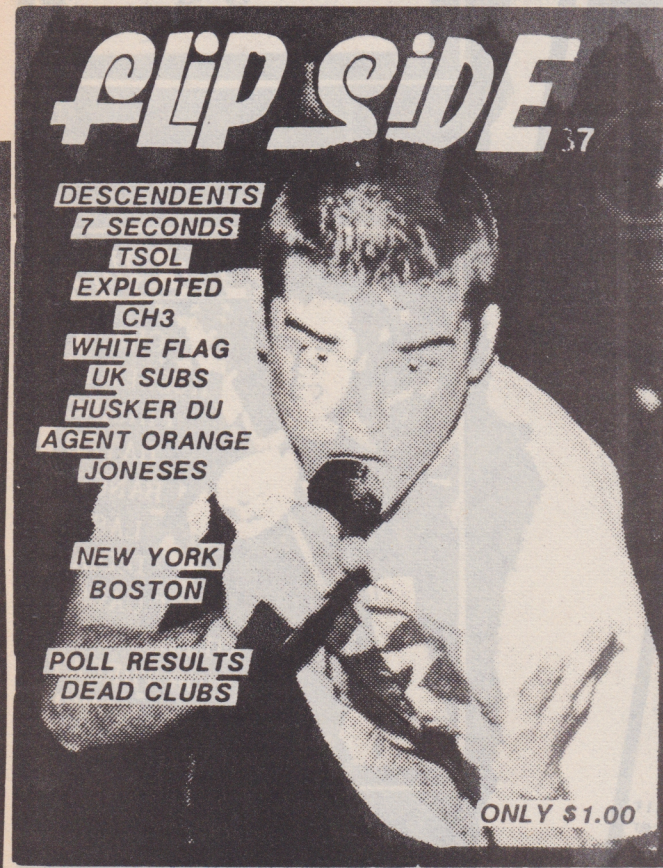
Al: Me and X-8 used to personally trash bathrooms, but we did good places like the Santa Monica Civic. Which were places we didn't want to see punk shows happen (at).

ID: Do you think that's a good idea for people if they really don't want to see shows there?

Holly: If you're taken advantage of.

Al: Well, it's your personal vote. Direct action makes a difference. It is selfish but...

Holly: If the bouncers are screwed, the promoter is screwed, and he's ripping everyone off you better do something, instead of taking it out on your fellow man. If you have the choice between punching someone in the nose and picking up some material object and throwing it against the wall,



make a thing on it saying don't pay more than five bucks people will put a sticker over it. It's the same thing with the fanzine. People put stickers over it saying \$1.25 or \$1.50. Videos we always put don't pay more than \$20.00. Every store sells them for more than \$20.00.

ID: What were some of the big events that happened?

Holly: I think any riot was always a big adventure.

ID: Anything that sticks out?

Holly: I got arrested once. I was going to see Black Flag at the Santa Monica Civic.

Al: The riot at Elk's Lodge was the first time that the police ever really, in mass, beat the punks up. There was Bace's hall, all the little ones, Mendiolas, and S.I.R.

Holly: Mendiolas had to be the biggest.

I'd say the highlight of the scene was seeing

I'd say do that if you're that frustrated. And that's what we did.

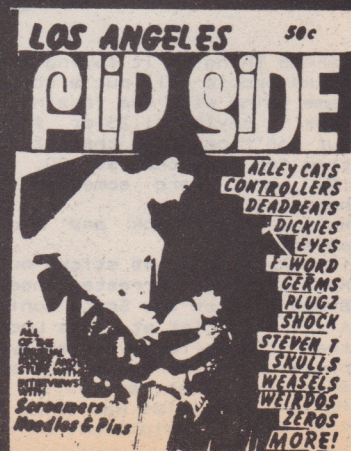
ID: What's the Flipside crew's diet?

Al: We don't eat meat. I would prefer, instead of saying, "I'm a vegetarian," I would prefer saying, "I'm a healthitarian." I think that's important, because it's not like I'm just not eating meat because I'm worried about the animals or things like that. That is involved but I'm also worried about the chemicals that are in the meat and a lot of the food that is force fed upon society today.

Holly: I agree with that but... I believe animals are our little brothers..."Owww!" (Joe bites her)



ID: So, what do you eat.
 Al: First off I think it's foolish for somebody to go, "I'm going to be a vegetarian but I'm going to eat hostess twinkies and big gulps instead."
 Holly: You don't have to just eat lettuce and tomatoes.
 Al: You could eat pizzas. It depends how far you want to go.
 Holly: Al eats pizzas mourning noon and night. (She laughs)
 Al: That's true. I still eat dairy products.
 Holly: Most of our friends eat lots of beef.
 Al: So, does most of the world.
 Holly: Yeah.
 ID: That's not true.
 Al: Most of the United States. I should say. Most of the world are vegetarians.
 ID: That's true.
 ID: Who's involved with Flipside now?
 Al: Joe Henderson's our biggest contributor.
 Holly: He helps out the fanzine with a computer that we have. But we're buying a computer next week so we're just going to phase him out. (Joe: Sounds good.)
 Al: Me and Holly have been doing the bulk of it for a long time and I mean the bulk.
 Holly: I'm getting jaded and I'm going to quit and join a nunnery.
 ID: Do you guys get support, from the bands?
 Al: No.
 Holly: That's real disillusionment. As soon as band's gets what they want from us, their publicity, their advertisements, and interviews then they're our friends. Then as soon as they get big they just go on and they just kind of forget. Which I accept. We're just a vehicle to launch bands into super stardome.
 Al: Yeah, you've got to accept it.
 Holly: Which they all have become.
 Al: That's right. Then people get real mad at us.
 Holly: Sometimes we get young bands calling us up wanting an interview but they've never played anywhere. You know what it's like. But, I've noticed in the scene now not as many kids put out flyers. There's not as much information.



ID: They want to go from step A to Z faster and cut out doing the work to get there.

Al: It used to be if there was a gig and there were six bands on the bill all six bands would make their own flyers and put them out. But now a days if a band is playing for a Goldenvoice show they won't even make flyers for it. The same goes for if they're playing at fenders. If they open up and nobody's there it's like, "Oh, I can't understand it." That's really the attitude of the bands. They want everything to come easy. Bands that have been actively playing for one year are disillusioned because they don't have a gigantic following, and they're not headlining the Olympic. Which is dumb because it takes a long time to build a strong following. I think it should take just as long for a band to put out a decent album. You notice bands that have played a long time before they put out an album put out a much better album than a band that has been together six months and throws a record together just to get it out. Just to speed themselves along in the rockstar building process. It's just a new attitude. The Tags, the Germs, the Weirdos, the Skulls, and the Screamers who never even put a

record out, they were around for years and years and years before they recorded or put a record out. They did a million shows. They had sets of material for a lot of albums and they had good material to choose from. That's why all those records are classics. A lot of the records that are coming out these days, from all over the country, are not classics. I just think that before bands throw themselves out into the public on vinyl they should have a little more respect for themselves. They should make sure they're happy with the material they have, how well they play it and if it's really good material.

Holly: Sometimes you're rushed for something, and you want to get to a certain point but when you get there you realize it's not as good as you thought. (Then) you look back and wished you'd have spent more time on what you did in the past.

Al: There's no hurry.

Holly: Where are you going to get?

Joe: Does that go for zines too?

Al: Yeah, definitely. We've started our policy of reviewing fanzines again. It seems like we get fanzines that are thrown together just so they'll get a review in Flipside and maybe get some free promo records.

Holly: The way the scene is with fanzines, record labels and stuff it's just a lot easier. It's a lot easier to put out a fanzine, to get on a label, or to have places to play if you really want to. It's so easy to correspond with people all over the world.

Al: It's like we mentioned a few pages ago when we first did Flipside there were no distributors for us. There were no record labels for the bands. You didn't even know who to talk to in New York if you wanted to. But, now you do and it's real easy. It's easier. It still takes effort. The people who were doing the things back then were putting out a lot of effort and not getting a lot of return. Where now you put out very little effort and you will get a lot of return. Just

look at our unclassified section.

Holly: There's always the people that originate something then there's the fanatics who come afterwards that will lose the original idea. They're just going along because they're kind of lost in what they think they believe and they really don't know what's going on. It's easy for them.

Al: The whole system is there to be used now, and it get's abused as well.

ID: Who do you think is doing a lot?

Al: If you have to narrow it down to a few people, Maximum Rock n' Roll...

Joe: You forgot Goldenvoice.

Al: Yeah, Goldenvoice are doing a lot whether you like it or not. I like the fact that they are bringing bands here that we wouldn't be able to see. Because I know, like in '78, New York was seeing Wire, and Chelsea. They were seeing X-Ray Specs.

Holly: Saints, Cross.

Al: Yeah, and we were sitting here in L.A. going, "Wow! How come those bands won't come to L.A." It was because no promoter would bring them over. There were promoters in New York who were flying these bands out, having them play New York, and flying them back to London. Now the thing has changed around.

ID: One thing I dislike is a lot of bands don't seem to want to tour at all. They all seem to have a big message but they won't go through any hardship to back it.

Al: Yeah, that's true. Getting flown over by a promoter does make it easy but I'm looking at it from a purely selfish point of view. I want to see Conflict and I'm glad Gary Tovar flew them over here for me to see 'em. Because, I didn't get to see X-Ray Specs and I would have given my right arm to see them.

ID: What do you want to do with the fanzine? I know you've made a lot of changes.

Holly: I personally think it's just too much to do. Since Joe's been helping out, it's helped out a little. I'm growing out of it I have to say. One of the major reasons I stay into it is because I know if I don't work on it then Al will be working on it twenty four hours a day and and I don't think that's healthy.

Al: Because, she cares about me.

Holly: I wish more people would show interest in working.

ID: You used to have contributions?

Holly: Yeah, and we wish people would be interested and help out.

Al: Well it works two ways. A lot of people think that because we've been doing it so long we don't need any help, that it's all worked out and everything is fine. Which isn't the case. We do need contributions. Then a lot of times people want to contribute things and they go, "I want to contribute this 7 Second interview." We go, "Yeah, that's fine but we just interviewed them two issues ago." That happens so often we have to turn people down and they get insulted. "They didn't like my thing so I'll never do it for them again." Then they put it out in their own fanzine. We've had people who worked on Flipside very enthusiastically. We had Paul Problem going strong for a long time. We had Dave Damage.



LOS ANGELES

50c

FLIP SIDE



Holly: Helen. People, they burn out. It's a lot of work. People think that automatically you're going to get into shows free. That just doesn't happen.

Joe: You're forgetting about the way people have this vision of Flipside being a big corporate entity. You were talking about somebody sending you a resume.

Holly: About every three months we get a resume.

Al: For employment on Flipside's big magazine staff asking, "How much is the pay?" Com'on what do people think we are? I don't understand that.

Joe: It's the gloss.

Al: It fools them everytime.

Al: This is getting back to what we were talking about just a minute ago. Sometimes I don't want somebody's contribution on a certain band because I want to interview that band. That's why I'm doing my fanzine. That's my excuse to go talk to bands and go interview them. Because I'm a fan and I'm looking forward to interviewing them.

Holly: That's one way to get to know people.

Al: You can look at it like, "Oh well, you were just telling us you wanted people to contribute, instead of doing their own fanzine, help you guys out." That's true because there are so many different bands and types of music. Maybe we don't cover the industrial noise bands very good and people bum on us because we're to centered on hardcore or punk rock. Then people should contribute the interviews with those type of bands we don't cover. They could obviously see it from what we do cover. When me and Holly are doing the magazine and it's all our interviews we're going to cover what we like. I don't feel any obligation to cover bands that I don't like or wanna see.

Holly: If people want to work on Flipside the number is listed in Flipside. All you have to do is give us a call and tell us what you want to do. Come over and we'll get to know each other and we'll do something about it. You don't have to use us. That's just one bad thing about being in this position, is being used. It's very painful for me.

Al: Then there's the whole other side of it where people send you a tape that they just made in their garage. They don't put any work into it or nothing, they expect you to give them a big old

review and it has to be a good review. "But, we're trying. We're just young." Everybody was young and were trying.

Holly: We don't owe any band anything. Nothing. If a band wants to make it big they've got to do it on their own. If a band wants to start playing clubs they've got to do it on their own.

Al: The same thing goes for interviews. We're going to go after the people we want to interview. People call up, "You have to interview my band we need publicity." We're not just a press release publicity thing. We're a fanzine.

Holly: I rather not put bands on the cover. Put weird things on the cover, or nice things, or smelly things. People's behinds, Kitty's behinds, doggy's behinds. The thing about Flipside is it has the male female principal and it has soul. That's what's good about Flipside.

Al: What is it? (She repeats the line) Because it's got a craby bitch on the staff.

Holly: I'm pushing the spirituality but it's a very difficult thing to do. So, that's why I'm kind of getting out of it a little. It's different than Maximum Rock n' Roll. Al get's nervous when I start talking about it.

ID: What do your parents think of this?

Holly: My mom was real proud when I first put something in Flipside. She's real proud of us now.

Al: Have you pleased yourself?

Al: In that respect we've never really had any real direct goal through the whole thing and we probably still don't. It's, "See what happens." But, it has put us in a very interesting position.

In that, now we're doing videos and it's an easy thing for us to do because we already know the bands. They're more than happy to have us shoot them live or whatever because they know our reputation. It's a good promotional thing for them to be on one of our videos. They know it will be distributed and people will watch it.

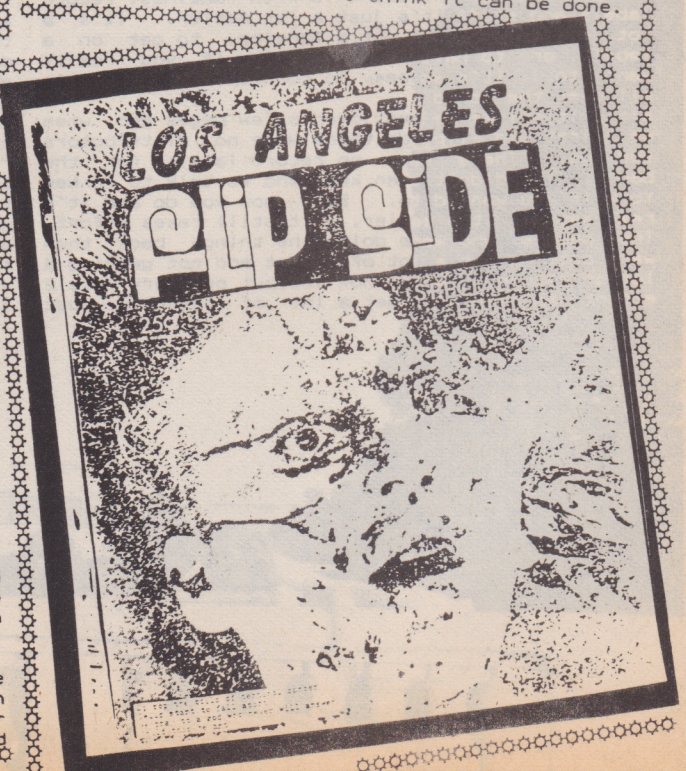
It's going to be decent quality now that we've worked on it. The thing with the record label too is that we've worked ourselves into a position where we have it pretty easy at our access to put records out. Before we even did the video or the record label our idea was to go into books. Which I would still like to do myself but books take a lot of time to do because there is so much typing and proof reading.

Holly: You'd only do things pertaining to punk.

Al: No.

ID: Did you want to do a punk history or a punk photo book?

Al: I would go more with a punk photo book than a punk history book. I don't think it can be done.



Holly: I don't want to do it.
 ID: You don't think even for the L.A. scene?
 Al: No.
 Holly: It's already been done.
 Al: You could do it on a real general level but you couldn't do it on the kind of real detailed level it deserves. At one time Terry Graham who was in the **Bugs and Gun Club**, wanted to do it and we were going to work on it. He was collecting a lot of material. It looked like it was going to happen but he's doing his thing and we're doing ours.
 AL: As far as getting out of **Flipside** we're in a good position to branch out in these other areas. Which is nice. Plus, we're also in this area where we can stop and it's no big deal.
 Al: Almost every issue it's gone like, "Oh, well we heard you're folding and you're not going to do it anymore and you're fed up with it." That's not really the case. We get fed up with it and go, "Fuck, we're not going to do this anymore," but what we do is change it to where we do feel comfortable with it again. Our last issue (#46) was the last time we're going to do the mega record review thing because we just can't keep up with it. The mega fanzine thing we can't keep up with. So, we're just changing it to make it fit our time we put into it. Unless we got contributors that were gung-ho record reviewers. Only then would we go back to the old format. With just me, Holly, and whoever comes over to review records it's just not possible.
 Joe: You're forgetting things can reappear again. Like a few issues back with live reviews.
 Al: Live reviews we've always wanted to do but they always seem to get cut out because of space reasons. Usually you look at the live reviews and go, "Wow, this live review's four months old. Who cares." So you cut it out.
 Holly: That's what I'm getting into now, is doing live reviews again.
 Al: See, it's in cycles. We haven't done them for a long time so it sounds like an interesting thing. But the whole time we've been doing records and fanzines so it does get boring.
 Holly: So, we're going to cut out one and do more of the other.
 Al: But there is an obligation to do something with stuff that people do send in. It's a tough thing but we just can't be at the mercy of what people send in. The market's getting saturated with stuff...
 Holly: It's been saturated for a long time.
 Al: Yeah, it has, but it's no longer on an individual level. Individual bands aren't sending us their records. It's labels, P&D companies and promotion companies that are sending us records. The bands never see the review because they're not the least bit interested in fanzines. It's the label that wants to see the plug. It's not a review so much as it's a plug. It's lost the whole concept of what you need a fanzine for. So, we're just going to shine that shit.
 Holly: I rather review live shows.
 ID: Do you think **Flipside** is going to continue to branch out?
 Al: Yeah, just to keep it interesting for us?
 ID: A line of surfboards?
 Holly: Yeah, definitely.
 Al: I could see that. Our own **Flipside** swim wear. We used to have our own line of silkscreened Pillow cases. There's kind of a limited market for that.
 Holly: Tennis, underwear, surfboards and skateboards.
 Al: Yeah. I don't know what we will do next. Eventually get Eddie Subtile's novel out. We have it all set up. We've got the printer, we've got the book. It's just a matter of typing it up, laying it out and paying the price. We'll see. Especially now that the whole poetry scene has blossomed. People are putting out poetry books like Henry.
 Holly: The weird thing about that is my brother Gus a long time before poetry started blossoming he wanted to go around and do a poetry video with some of the characters that were starting to be big in the scene. He procrastinated and procrastinated and now look what's happened. It would have been really interesting. He could have documented it before it happened.
 AL: So Joe, any further comments?



90608

FLIP SIDE

P.O. Box 363, Whittier Ca.

FLYERS

As part of our continuing "flyers section" we decided to take an extensive look at the rise of the Los Angeles underground. In the first of a three parter we'll view stylistically the development of this art form, that along with music and fashion has been integral in the rise of the Punk movement. Starting with the year to end all years, nineteen-hundred and seventy-seven, when there was little more to life than Fleetwood Mac, The Eagles, The Doobie Brothers and Van Halen, a fistful of bands started playing regularly at the Masque, the re-opened Whisky and various halls and clubs around yer very eyes. collection you have here before loan library. comes from the Al Flip Side limited punk rock, that had He may not be the Bill Gazzarri of punk rock, that had a bona fide institution none the less, that had the good sense to compile them into books instead of tacking them up on the wall, where they would of yellowed and been subject to all sorts of ugliness. ---Steve Alper---

1977

SCREAMERS

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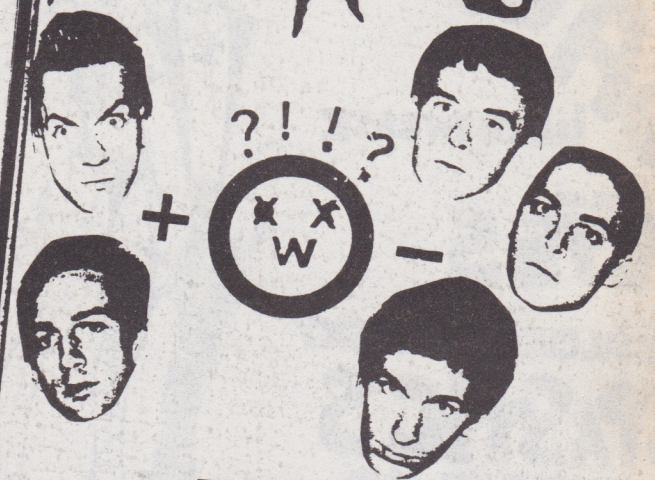
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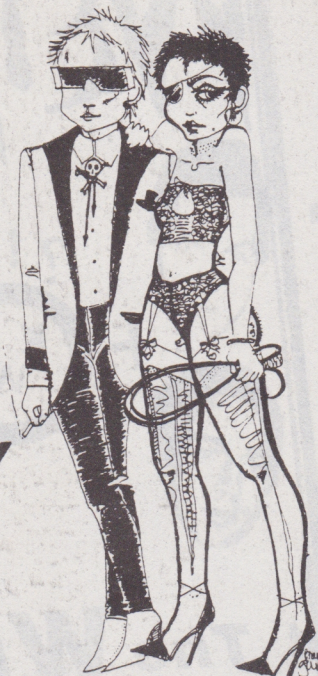
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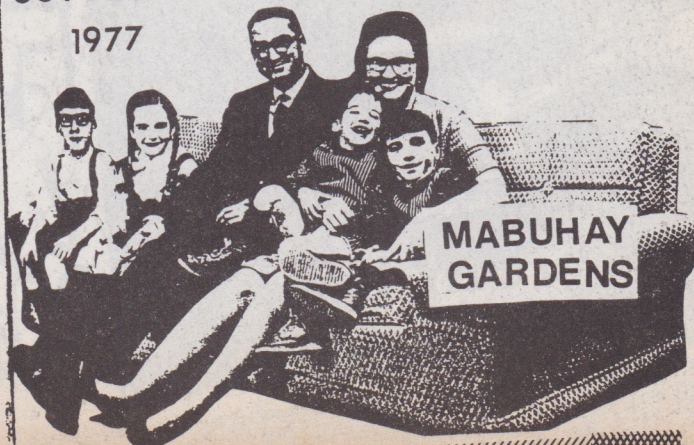
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1977



MABUHAY GARDENS

IAN MACKAYE

The Salad Days

Ian Mackaye and his band Minor Threat put D.C. hardcore on the map before they broke up in '83. In part one, we looked at what Ian's currently doing, and this issue we'll take a selected look back at the "Salad Days." Along with Ian, Mark provides a great deal of the color commentary. Also, brief spot appearances were made by various local characters. First we look at the Teen Idles on their trip to California. Then we take a look at punk rock on Saturday Night live, when D.C.'s finest were asked to come to New York and dance to the sound of Fear.

PART II

Ian: Hello, this is Ian.
Mark: And my name is Mark Jeremiah Sullivan the 3rd.
Iu: Why don't you tell us about your first Teen Idles tour?
Ian: We kind of just decided at the last minute to go. Nathan called up one day and said "he'd gotten us a show at the Hong Kong cafe in Los Angeles. So, we said, "Okay, Let's go play." Then we added another show in San Francisco at the Mabuhay. Henry (Garfield) was a roadie. We all just got on the Greyhound bus with just our guitars and drum sticks. We drove hours on the bus. It was insane going through Texas, it took all day. The only other people on the bus were these two old black people sitting in the front. We had the whole back of the bus, just screaming and jumping (around).

Mark: We went through periods on the bus. The first day was pretty intolerable because your legs just started getting fucked. But after the first day I found it very easy to deal with. At any given point a bunch of new people would come on. We'd all travel together for six, eight, ten hours and, by the end, these weird looking people were actually just dopey kids. We'd all be almost chummy and they were looking at us in almost a benign kind of way. Then they'd get off and we'd break in a whole new group.

Ian: We got into L.A. and we were supposed to stay with this girl named Rosanna.
Mark: In Watts!

Ian: So, we call her up, and her phone is disconnected. Of course. Then we started realizing we had nowhere to stay in Los Angeles.

Mark: I was bummed out.

Ian: That was stupid on our part, I guess.

Mark: We called four hundred times at least. (they ended up having to stay at Ian's uncle's house in Pasadena)

Mark: We played with the Mentors and Vox Pop. Some really good band was playing the same night.

Yo, Kojak!



WHERE ARE

THEY NOW?



Ian: At Blackies on La Brea.
 Mark: I still have the flyer. It was the Weirados.
 Ian: Oh, right. Well, anyway we made fifteen bucks. We also played with a band called Puke, Spit & Guts and we blew out their bass head.
 Mark: They were angry at us.
 Ian: We were terrified, and we all ran away. When we played people were pretty... Surprised.
 Mark: They were mystified. That's what they were. Because I remember a couple people that were up there trying to pogo or something. It was like Teen Idles, a mile a minute.

Mark: Held his wrists up in the air and walked him across the lobby. Now the parade's in reverse order because we're following them. They just scared him and took his name down.
 Ian: They put Jeff in the office and they were interrogating him and Henry's leaning down looking underneath through the little grill in the bottom of the door.
 Mark: And the cops are coming! I was saying, "Thank God, here's the police. Finally we're going to get some justice."
 Ian: They kicked Henry in the ass.
 Mark: These L.A. cops just walk up, man. (He act's it out) There's Henry on the ground. That guy just went, "boof." Really hard with these fucking shiny-ass shoes. I've never even seen Henry stand up that fast before.

salad days

Wishing for the days
 when I first wore this suit
 Baby has grown older,
 it's no longer cute
 Too many voices
 they've made me mute
 Baby has grown ugly,
 it's no longer cute

Mark: Then the next day we went to Disneyland. We go to the Greyhound bus station and there's these two weird ass looking people that come up to us. (In a monotone voice) "Get a hair cut. I didn't know the circus was in town." We're like, "Who are these guys?" But I was a little scared because they came right up to us and were abusing us, and they weren't going to go anywhere. We were putting our stuff into the lockers at that point, which was the size of a little hotel. It turns out they are Greyhound cops and they say, "You have ten seconds to get to whatever gate it is you're leaving from and then leave." We're like, "Fuck!" cramming all this shit in the locker furiously. We had to get the tickets, (and) we went to the wrong window. Ian is walking fast and he's doing everything. We're following him, so it's like a parade and these two guys are following us. We're walking fast. We went to at least three wrong places before we finally got on the bus to Disneyland. But, before that could happen, Jeff pulled his cheek at one of the guards and they fucking grabbed him and put handcuffs on behind his back.
 Ian: Smacked him.

But I stay on, I stay on
 Where do I get off?
 On to greener pastures
 The core has gotten soft

Ian: They told us to, "Get the fuck out of there." and "Not to come back anytime prior to thirty minutes before departure." Then we get on this bus from downtown L.A., to go to Disneyland. It took about fucking two hours to get there. We finally arrived and we walked across the biggest parking lot that ever existed.
 Mark: Oceans of parking lot.
 ID: How many miles?
 Mark: Seventeen! It was amazing. We get across the parking lot and this guy comes walking out to greet us. (A) happy big man with a microphone. He goes, "Thanks a lot for coming to Disneyland, see you later." We're like, "But we haven't got in."

Look at us today
 we've gotten soft and fat
 Waiting for the moment,
 it's just not coming back
 So serious
 about the stuff we lack
 Dwell upon our memories,
 but there are no facts

Ian: We go. "No, wait a minute. We came all the way from Washington to go here," which was not true. "Well, I'm sorry you don't have the right dress code." I go, "What's the right dress code." He points to Henry and he says, "Well, his hair is really a mohawk," and I go "Well man, he's a marine you know." Then he said, Nathan's hair was green. "What about his hair?" I say "Well, you have plenty of clowns and shit in there with red and green hair. What's the big deal about that." We were arguing then he started talking about the shirts. He was saying "The shirts are ripped up." I said, "Well, we'll buy Disneyland shirts and stuff." Then finally he goes look, "The dress code says you can't come in." I said, "Let me see the dress code." He goes, "I am the dress code." I say, "Come-on, don't give me that fucking shit." He's like, "Argggg!" Then these two guys on little three wheel trucks come racing out there. They surround us and go, "O.K., get the fuck out of here!" They weren't even friendly at that point.

Tomas: Did they say, "Get the fuck out of here?"

Mark: They were very abusive to us.

Ian: Also, I think, they had weapons.

Tomas: They probably looked like little cute guys.

Mark: They were going to kick our asses. Then Nathan took up the argument too, as I recall. It's like, "Let's get the fuck out of here. I like my face. I want to keep it arranged."

Ian: So, we walk all the way back to the bus stop and we didn't have any change. We couldn't get change anywhere.

Mark: People had been nooting at us all the time in L.A., but that's when it really started to kick in. A bus stopped and the doors opened in the middle of the block and the driver goes, "Haaa Haa Haaaa." Then an armored truck stopped, the doors fly open and there are two guys in there with guns (going). "Han Huh Ha naa naa."

Ian: Back where the money is they never, never open those doors for anyone and they opened the door to laugh at us.

Mark: Incredible. The driver (in a fat Albert voice) "Hey, look at those guys on the sidewalk. Haaa." We're just like, "Fuck."

Ian: We didn't get into fucking Disneyland, so we had so much time to burn. So, we go back down to where the bus is and we're sort of walking round and round and finally we go into a huge movie theatre...

Mark: We were walking up that street and people were getting arrested left and right.

Ian: Yeah, for knifing and stuff. All these cholo dudes.

Mark: We're walking and it's like, "It's a Mexican neighborhood, man!" And all these people are standing around looking really angry. We're walking down the street, and Nathan has green hair. "Shit..."

Ian: We go into the movie theatre and there's this huge mosaic roof.

Mark: The bathroom had twenty lined marble urinals.

Ian: Incredible, incredible movie theatre and they are showing a Kung Fu movie dubbed in Spanish with English subtitles. It was so crazy. Then finally we go back (to the bus station). Those guys (Greyhound cops), of course, weren't even there. We were so terrified of those guys. We just jumped on the bus and went to San Francisco that night.

Mark: I'll tell you something, that relief I felt when we left L.A., I was like, "Fuck, yeah!" We get into San Francisco and it's all hippies in the cold bus station in the morning. I couldn't believe it. I thought it was 1969 or something.

Ian: It was freezing there.

ID: Where did you stay in San Francisco?

Mark: Target Video. In between Castro street and the Mission district. That was cool as shit. They had a good place.

ID: Who did you play with in San Francisco?

Ian: Bad bands. We played with the **Wrong Brothers**. Lost L.A., the shittiest. It was a terrible line up. We had to beg those guys to let us play.

Mark: Because Dirk was.... being such a mother fucker. You know he balled me out for half an hour, telling me what "idiots" we are.

Ian: We got there and they cancelled us because

our press photo was Mickey Mouse. (Laughter)

Mark: I remember when all these H.B. people started milling around outside. All those bandanas... They looked so good.

ID: Was that at your show or someone else's show? Ian: (It was the night before) and the first time we saw the infamous **Circle Jerks**... **Flipper** and the **Dead Kennedy's**.

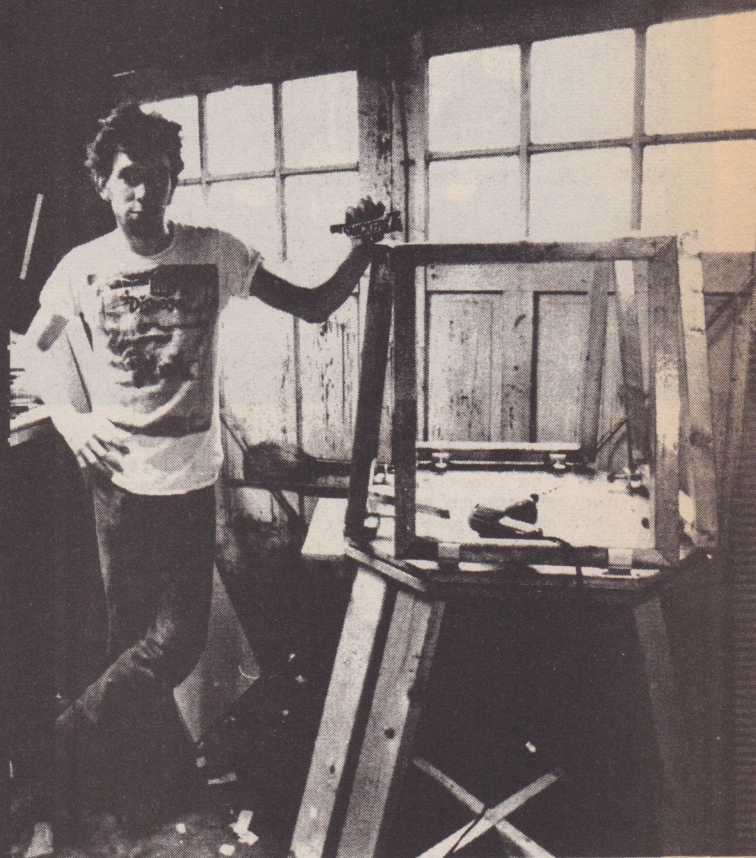
Mark: That was a great show.

Ian: We played the next night. Lamm New Wave night.

Mark: But they all came and we slammed really hard. How did we get back to talk to Jello

PHOTO BY AL FLIPSIDE

JEFF NELSON:



Biafra? I don't remember. And his fucking weird ass wife/girl friend comes in and goes. (He does the voice) "King Biafra holding court." We were like, "Oh, God!"

Ian: You know what was fucked up? I was thinking, when we talked to him he was about twenty two. I think he's about twenty eight now. That's pretty fucked up isn't it.

Mark: ...Yeah, no one should be that age. (everyone laughs)

Ian: I think it's as weird as shit... I remember him being so old when we were talking to him.

Mark: He's always looked 45.

Ian: I guess.

Mark: Plus with his extravagant wife person. She came up to me... She had this plastic bag filled with coffee grounds and shoved it in my face. "Smell that. Doesn't that smell good." I'm just like, "Well, you know it is coffee, and you got it out of the trash lady." (lots of laughter) I didn't say that to her, but it was in my mind. She was talking about how they get it out of the trash by the restaurants and use it again.

Ian: (On the way home) we splurged and flew back on the plane.



IAN, ?, AND MARK: PHOTO BY AL FLIPSIDE

Mark: In the airport trying to go home... You know these punk rock kids and metal detectors just don't go together. We had to strip practically to our shorts to get through the metal detector and Jeff made a joke, "On it's probably my gun." (lots of laughter)

Ian: Don't laugh. Don't ever joke about that. I was scared shitless...

Mark: Never joke about that story. All of a sudden guys in suits materialize. Jeff's like, "unnnn" (losing his voice). They couldn't figure it out. He was taking all his pins and badges off and (the metal detectors) going "Rnroon. Rnroon." It was the metal stitching in the little epaulets that he'd sewed on. The official German pendant.

Guy: The guy must of looked like a maniac.

Ian: He was a maniac. (At that time) Henry had that mohawk. You had short blonde hair. Jordie had his usual brown hair. My brother cut it (my hair) with scissors as close as he could get.

That was the first time I shaved my head.

Ian: What did Jeff have?

Mark: Jeff just had those brittle little spikes.

Ian: Horrible mean little spikes.

Mark: To quote the Washington Post.

ID: So, was it a success?

Ian: Oh, yeah. It was great. We made \$15 in L.A. and \$11 in San Francisco. So total money in was \$26 and then each of us spent at least five hundred bucks.

ID: How did that Saturday Night Live thing come about.

Ian: We had just moved into this house. I'm sleeping upstairs and all of a sudden the phone rings at like eight in the morning. I was dead asleep. "Ahhh, ahn." This person goes, "Lorne Michaels office, hold please." I go, "That name sounds familiar." I was so tired. The guy comes on, "This is Lorne Michaels of Saturday Night Live." I thought he was full of shit. Then he goes, "Listen we got a band coming here called Fear. Would you bring some of your friends up to do some dancing." I said, "What?" He says, "Ah, hold on a second." Then this guy comes on, (heavy breathing) "Hi, this is John Belushi." I'm going "What the fuck is going on?" It turned out that Penelope Spheeris, who I met here, really liked me

a lot or whatever, and she was a friend of John Belushi and gave him my number. He made a deal with Saturday Night Live, that in return for letting us dance and having Fear on the show, he would come out and dance with us. It would be really cool and all that stuff. So, we all went up there and the first night we saw the Necros and the Misfits play. The next night we all go over to Saturday Night live. The password to get through security was Ian Mackaye. We all had our heads shaved, that was so cool.

Mark: All these people were waiting in line so long to get in Saturday Night Live and these scruffy ass punks just walk up, right to the door, and say something to the guys (and they're in).

Ian: They put us in this special guest waiting room.

Mark: Which we preceded immediately to really wreck.

Ian: Yeah totally... Someone found a bunch of record singles and they all got smashed. And everyone was shaving their head up there. There's hair all over everywhere.

Mark: Interested beautiful people, who usually hung around the set, were coming in and trying to chat with us. Me and Mike were bumming these people out so bad. This chick comes in and goes, "How come you shave your head?" Michael just

looks at her, looks around the place, and says, "I'm going to kick your boyfriend's face in!" She's going, "Ahhh, ohnnn."

Ian: He's an old skating buddy. But anyway, we did the sound check. The sort of rehearsal show and we started dancing. We already knew that they had been watching us for being too wild so we made a deal to be really calm. Somehow, even though we were being so calm, we knocked over a camera.

Mark: Someone's boot got stuck in the camera and pulled it over.

Ian: They were pretty bummed out about that.

Mark: Then Lorne Michaels gave us a pep talk.

Guy: What did he say?

Ian: He came up and asked us to be cool.

Mark: In his New York Yankees jacket, reaching for his cocaine.

Ian: All those guys are calling us stupid kids.

Mark: It was one of the members of the cast's



birthday and someone went down and ate her cake. I think it might have been Jay.

Ian: (It) probably was, because Jay got himself in a lot of trouble. They hated all of us so much.

Mark: When we walked by those people they, were looking down on us like from a ski jump.

ID: How many of you were there?

Ian: About thirty.

Mark: Easily.

Ian: Because a lot of people that came were from Ohio. The **Necros**, and all came too. Tesco.

Mark: From our first level dressing room we got to abuse the audience. We got to write messages on pieces of paper and put them up to the glass. This one guy was an obvious model dude. It's like, "Didn't I see you modeling in a J.C. Penney catalogue?" The guy was pissed.

Ian: Belushi totally chickens out (and doesn't dance with us). There's another good story about Belushi... I'm trying to call home because I'm supposed to work the next day, but I couldn't find a phone at all. I go upstairs and I see Belushi. I said, "Hey, do you know where I can use a pay phone?" He goes, "Yeah. You can use it in my dressing room." So, I go back to his room, and I make the phone call and we start to talk. He starts talking about bands and stuff and I'm talking to him. Then I go, "Okay, well thanks a lot," and I start to get up. He goes, "No, no, no. Have a soda. Have something to eat." I go, "Okay, I guess," because he's insisting (on) it. So, I start eating. Then he starts telling me, "Yeah, I think it's really cool that you guys are doing this. I think it's really great." Then he starts taking his clothes off. I'm going like,

"Oh, fuck!" Then he starts taking off his pants and I go, "Oh my God, this guys a fag. He wants to fuck me or something." In fact he wasn't. He was just changing for the show. Joe Piscopo comes in and goes, "Hey John, how you doing?" Belushi goes, "Hey, I thought that last skit was pretty good." "Yeah, did you like it John. Yeah, wow, thanks a lot." He's all licking his ass. Anyway, we finally did go on and just total chaos reigned supreme. Like getting in fights with the New York punks.

Mark: A lot of that shit was my fault too because they told us purposely not to fuck with members of the audience. So, the first thing I did when the gates opened was like, "Blam, Blam, Blam" (He stamps on the ground). I got like five pairs of feet. When we walked out of there, the audience was fucking hostile. "You guys are fucking sick. You animals." We just went, "Fuck You, fuck you."

Mark: We had the whole front part of the stage. The stage was totally slippery. I remember running towards it, lift a little bit up in the air, and you slide across on your back. Everyone

started doing that. It was really cool.

ID: What was the total damage?

Ian: I don't know. The first thing (they said in the papers) was like four hundred thousand dollars worth of damage. It turned out to be like twenty or forty bucks. You know what they did? They got really pissed off and they made the mistake of locking us up in the producers screening room. It had this chair with all these buttons. There's like thirty of us in there. We're pushing all the buttons and the lights are blinking and the screens going up and down, because it's all electronic. We're all laughing. It was so crazy. Then the police came and threw us out.

Mark: They were really bummed out.

Ian: They really hated us a lot.

ID: So, Lorne Michaels didn't come and thank you personally?

Mark: We could tell that we were pretty much going to have a good time when they took some guy that none of us even knew, with a mohawk and they said, "You stand up here close to the front because that way the cameras are going to hit you better." I realized they had no idea what we were going to do. They just thought we were going to jump straight up and down. We just said, "Fuck yeah! Let's party on this place."

Ian: It was enjoyable, I have to admit.

Mark: Mike and I were in the place where we had the food initially. We're sitting in there just shooting the shit. This girl comes in, "Like now are you guys doing? I'm with the caterer, right.

Do you guys have any coke? No, I really mean it. It's been a shitty day. I need a line." I'm just like, "Whoa! This is like Hollywood shit. What's going on." She was serious about it too! She assumed anyone hanging around on the set had to have a couple lines to spare.

Ian: **Fear** sounded like shit by the way. It was totally made for T.V. The guitars were really low. It was so tame.

Mark: They candied it up too because... in the rehearsal they said some really rude things about New York. Then they didn't say them during the broadcast. Who was that asshole hosting that night?

Ian: Oh, Donald Pleasance.

Mark: He hated us too.

Mark: We were all on t.v. That was a trip, man. Saturday Night Live. Belushi was real nice for the three seconds he said, "Hi, now you doing?" "I'm all right." "Here," and he gave me a **Fear** button. "Thanks!" John Belushi gave me a **Fear** button.

Ian: We feel as if we're kind of directly responsible for him dying.

Mark: Because we publicly humiliated him that night and drove him to have a drug problem. -With that we filtered into part one of this interview, which you can read in issue #10-

Last Saturday night after their debut at the Radical Club, Ink Disease interviewed the four member hardcore band, the Pukes. The band consists of guitar, drums, keyboard and bass. Each band member has a different hair color: Green, Purple, Blue and Orange. Their names are Wrench, Xene, Yucka, and Zero, but since they are all middle class and from San Bernadino, their real names are Alice, Bill, Carol and Don. Due to a mechanical difficulty, our tape was destroyed. From our notes below, can you help us reconstruct the interview and figure out the stage name and real name of each band member, the instrument he or she plays and the color of each one's hair?

1. The guy with the green hair (who is not Don) sang a lot of the group's songs while he played piano.
 2. Alice and Yucka are sisters.
 3. Zero can't play the guitar, but the guy with the purple hair can.
 4. Yucka is the only one of the group whose hair is a primary color.
 5. Xene is not the band's drummer.
 6. Wrench is Carol's boyfriend.
- Answer to puzzle on page .

Here I sit, broken hearted
Holy shit!
Must be retarded!!

(Bruce/A.O.D.)

Why Don't You Wear A
-Dress?

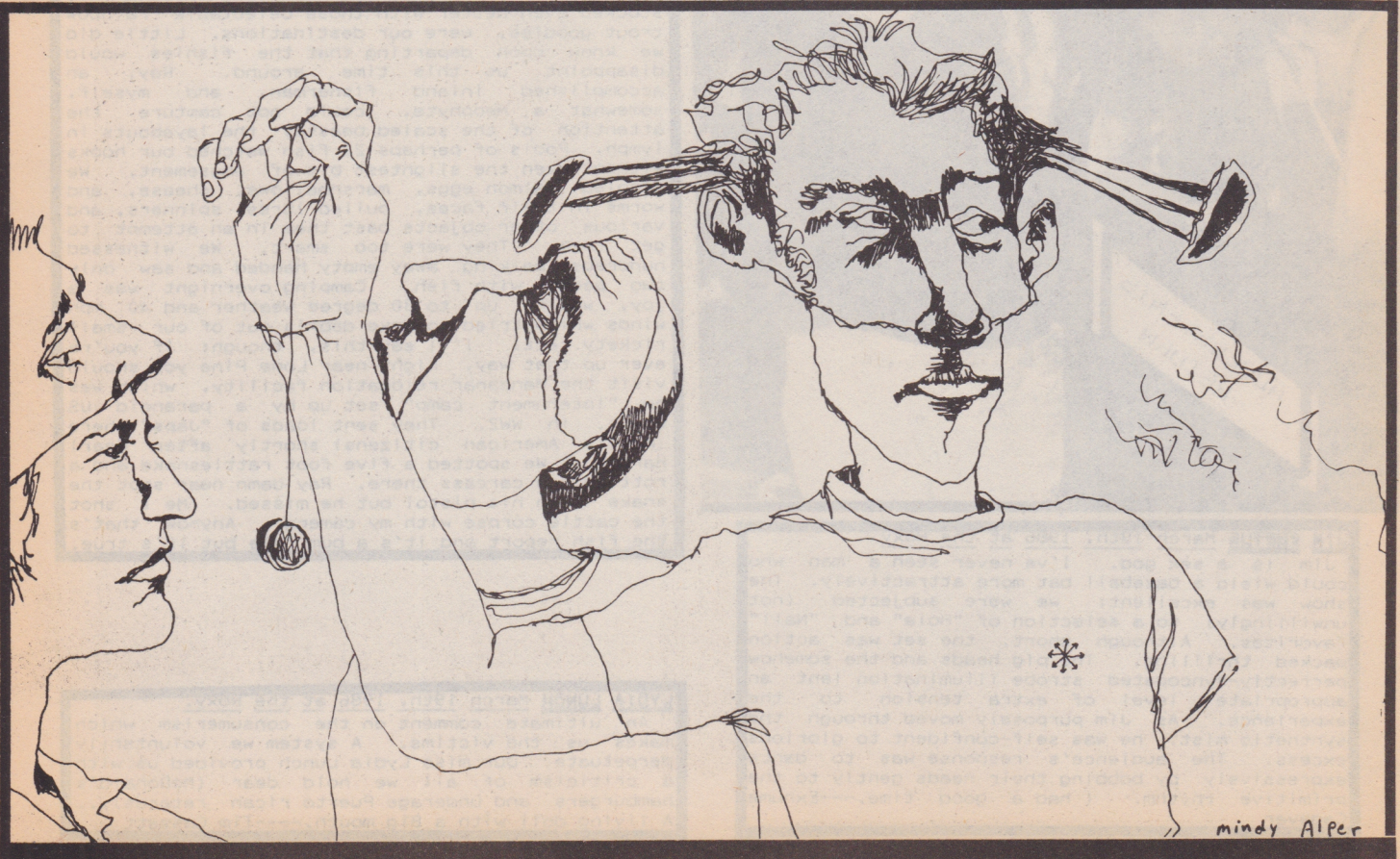
(dedicated to "macho" women
everywhere)

Why don't you wear a dress?
You act like a pig
You smell like the bums
Why don't you wear a dress?
Please don't kick my ass.

(Bruce/A.O.D.)

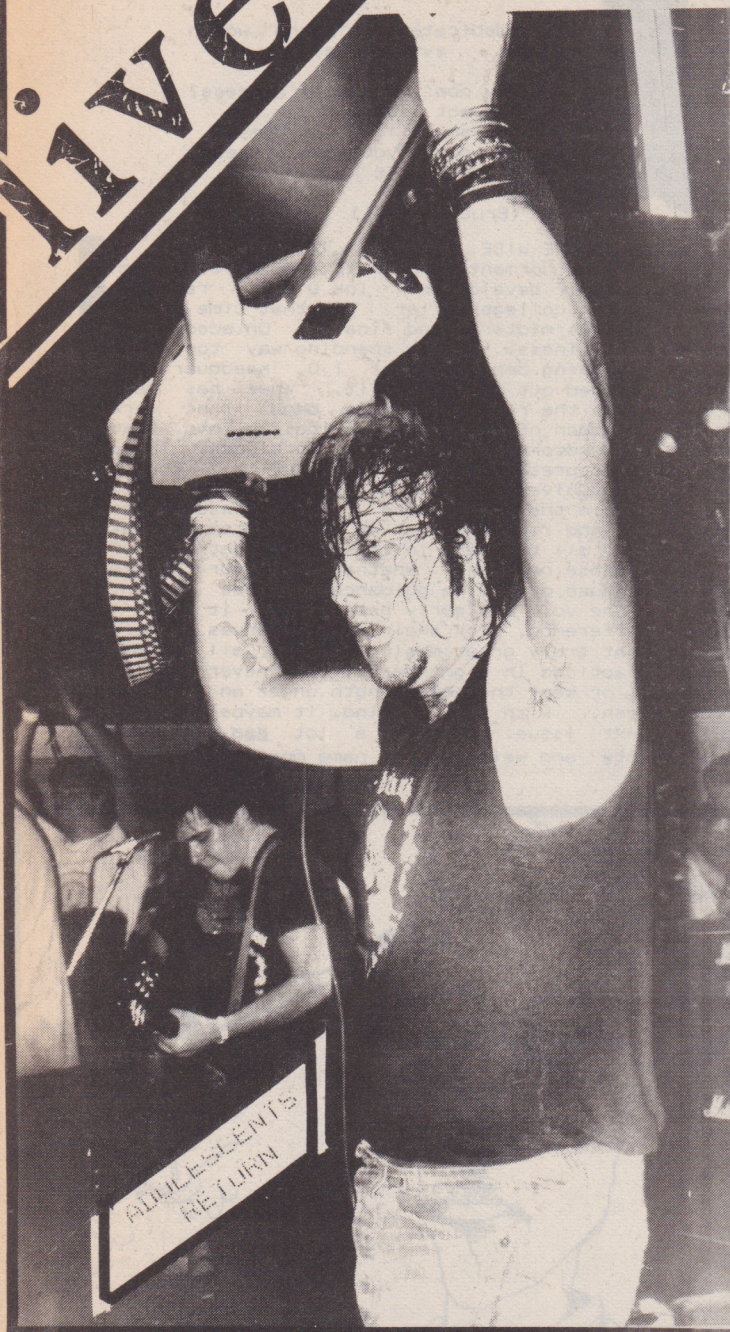
WORDS TO THE WISE

After seven months of lying dormant, which is somewhere between the pupa and larva stages of development, Ink Disease reemerges from the damp bowels of the college cellar. In that time a hell of a lot has gone on besides midterms and finals. On account of our utter and terminal laziness, and by spending way too much time in the record reviewing department of I.O. headquarters, we've unfortunately missed out on most of it. What has been noticeable as of late is the rebirth of some bands that were responsible for putting much of the original vitality into that mule, known to some as Hardcore, and others as Punk Rock. These were the groups that represented the toast of all that's important and good in the universe. They are what inspired us to start this money maker in the first place. Their return has sparked renewed interest and rekindle much of the excitement that not only seems, but is, all too rare in this age of gothic beef bowling and American cheese parties. Whether it be for the big time reunion fees or because of divine guidance that has brought these bands back from the void and early retirement, it doesn't make a flying bit of difference. For their return serves as more than a reminder of what truly great music is still all about. Even if they haven't practiced in eight years, and never resoled their combat sneakers, or kept the hair length under an inch, it still tastes mighty fresh. With that in mind, it maybe only six months before the next issue. Thanks a lot **Bad Brains**, **Descendents**, **Adolescents** and **Weirdos**, to name more than just a few.---Steve Alper---



matter

live



JIM FOETUS March 19th, 1986 at the Roxy

Jim is a sex god. I've never seen a man who could wield a baseball bat more attractively. The show was excellent; we were subjected (not unwillingly) to a selection of "Hole" and "Nail" favorites. Although short, the set was action packed thrilling. The pig heads and the somehow perfectly-syncoated strobe illumination lent an appropriate level of extra tension to the experience. As Jim purposely moved through the synthetic mist, he was self-confident to glorious excess. The audience's response was to dance expressively by bobbing their heads gently to the primitive rhythm. I had a good time.---Exhume Cadaver

Well, here we are once again with a much abbreviated live review section. Last issue we used the "lack of quality shows as of recent" as our halfassed excuse for limited substance in this area. Unfortunately that won't butter the toast this time around. Over the past few months there has been quite a bit to get excited about in the way of live entertainment, but peaking our interest and delivering the goods are two distinct animals. Although there have been many worthy bands packing them in, from parts far and wide, the end product has left us with very little to rave about. Although there are exceptions, namely in the amoebic form of **The Adolescents**, **The Weirdos**, **Sonic Youth**, **Doggy Style**, **The Butthole Surfers**, and **Detox** our time seems to be more productively spent, watching world cup soccer action and playing America's favorite indoor sport, bowling. So what we offer, without any more excuses, are photos instead of some rather uninspired blather to fill space. If you feel we're totally off base and blinded by our utter and complete cynicism and the only reason we write this zine in the first place is to promote negativism in the scene, then go ahead and make our next issue by telling us yours and your little brother's opinion on the subject of which I speak.

FISH REPORT

By Brian

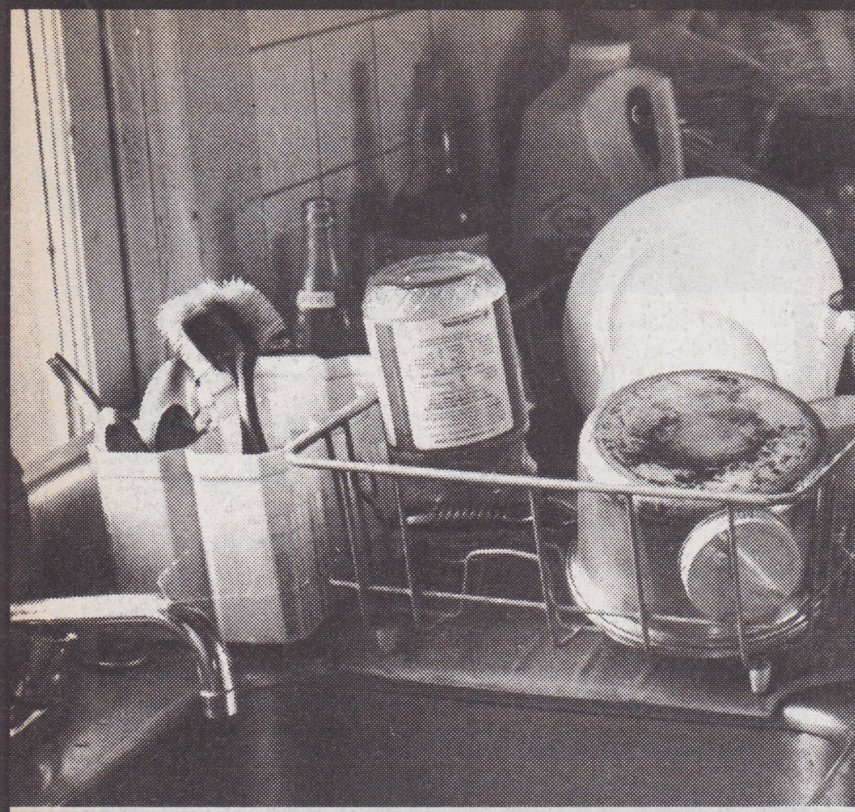
I got up at 2am, my friend and I threw our gear into his car and bolted up route 14/395 to the high Sierras. This, the 2nd week of trout season, the fresh mountain air, the thrill of camping out, drew us north to the untamed wilderness. The Owens River, well-stocked, and its tributaries, stocked even better with those delectable rainbow trout goodies, were our destinations. Little did we know upon departing that the fishies would disappoint us this time around. Ray, an accomplished inland fisherman, and myself, somewhat a neophyte, could not capture the attention of the scaled beasts, the layabouts in lymph. Pools of perhaps 25 fish watched our hooks without even the slightest bit of amusement. We dangled salmon eggs, marshmallows, cheese, and worms in their faces, pulled lures, spinners, and various other objects past them in an attempt to get them. They were too smart. We witnessed hundreds walking away empty handed and saw only two people with fish. Camping overnight was a joy, waking up to 30 degree weather and 40 mph winds which tried to make debris out of our small rickety tent. I'll say this, though: if you're ever up that way, right near Lone Pine you should visit the Manzanar relocation facility, which was an "internment camp" set up by a paranoid US Gov't. in WW2. They sent loads of "Japs" there (mostly American citizens) shortly after Pearl Harbor. We spotted a five foot rattlesnake and a rotting cow carcass there. Ray damn near shot the snake with his pistol but he missed. Me I shot the cattle corpse with my camera. Anyhow that's the fish report and it's a bum tale but it's true.

LYDIA LUNCH March 19th, 1986 at the Roxy.

An ultimate comment on the consumerism which makes us the victims. A system we voluntarily perpetuate. Our miss Lydia Lunch provided us with a criticism of all we hold dear (McDonald's hamburgers and underage Puerto rican retards)... A living doll with a Big mouth.---Tim Caszatt







GRAY MATTER

Records That We Sell:

- 21. GRAY MATTER 'Take It Back' EP (B)
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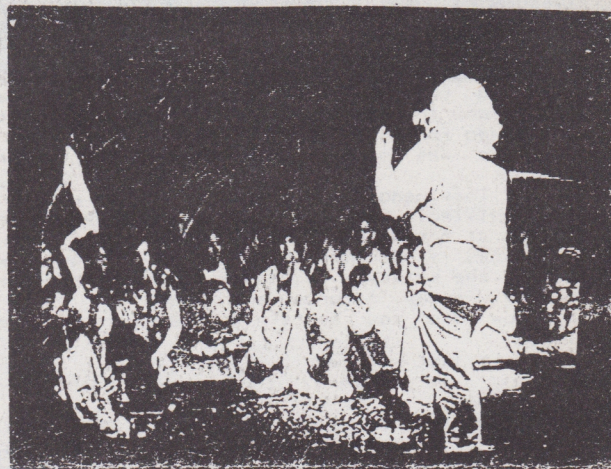
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THE WEIRDOS

Over Mexican pizza (sorta like nachos, only better) at El Coyote (ex-gov., Jerry Brown's favorite greasy spoon). Brian, Thomas and Steve discussed the return of the original **Weirdos**, the only punk band to be honored with a star on the Hollywood walk of fame. Among the livelier of issues touched upon that afternoon: included the tremendous influence of **Joni Mitchell** on the band. The reason why after ten years of singing "We Got The Neutron Bomb" haven't their hair lines begun to recede. Joining us for those and other topics even hotter than our food, is bassist, **Cliff Roman**. The interview, conducted while spontaneous Cinco de Mayo celebrations broke out at tables left and right, made for a culturally rich but less than ideal transcribable experience. Never the less here goes.....

ID: Would you say most of the inspiration came from **Iggy Pop**?

Cliff: It's hard say. I've been into so many different kinds of music. I was an avant-garde saxophone player in high school. Then I thought pop music was really interesting. I liked the **Velvet Underground** and the **Stooges** and the **New York Dolls**.

ID: I believe you might have been the first punk band in L.A.?

Cliff: Well, one of them. I kind of feel like I put on one of the first punk concerts. It was the first **Germs** show. It was the **Germs**, **Zeros**, and the **Weirdos**. So, that bill could have been (easily) later on in '77 at the Whisky or Mabunay Gardens. A lot of people say the **Germs** first show was at the Whisky. **Slash** records claims that, but that's not true. The first **Germs** show was at the Orpheum with the **Weirdos**.

ID: When did **Brendan Mullin** arrive?

Cliff: I didn't meet him till months later in '77. He started the **Masque**. We had already been

headlining the Whisky and playing the Mabunay Gardens and the Palladium. When **Devo** came out, they opened for us.

ID: What was the first big band you opened for? **Blondie**?

Cliff: They headlined the Palladium and we were second billed. We did some shows with the **Runaways** at the Whisky. We were headlining, so we didn't really open many shows. We did our own shows at the Whisky. We played two shows a night, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

ID: How did you sustain the energy for the **Weirdos**?

Cliff: It just was fun.

ID: Did you write all those songs before you played?

Cliff: We had "A Life of Crime," "Do the Dance," "Teenage," "I want what I want," "Go," "...Bad," and "Scream Baby Scream." That was our first set. We used to open with "Do the Dance," and end with "Do the Dance."

ID: So the reason you started was more out of just wanting to form a band, not because the

political structure in England, or the working class garbage?

Cliff: It was just run to play the music.

ID: And nobody else was doing it.

Cliff: We figured, "Well, what the hell have we got to lose." We used to use the words punk rock and new wave before I thought anyone even knew what they were. There weren't any punk rock magazines or any new wave movement. John and I used to have short haircuts back in the early seventies and all

our friends had long hair. They'd think we were weird, so that's how we got the name the **Weirdos**. They didn't like the music we liked either. They liked the **Allman Brothers** and we liked **Captain Beefheart** and the **Stooges**.

ID: Are you surprised that ten years later it's still around.

Cliff: No.

ID: Do you think it (punk rock) will be around ten years from now?

Cliff: Probably...

(They ended up playing without a drummer for quite a few shows. When they first auditioned **Nicky Beat**, they liked his reckless style but he had long hair. Cliff told him his hair was not right for the **Weirdos**, so instead of cutting his hair he burned it off with a candle, one strand at a time.)

ID: So, when **Nicky** burned his hair did he get hurt?

Cliff: No, but he smelled though. That's when we knew we had the right guy.

ID: Why, in 1986, ten years after the band originally formed, are you back together?

Cliff: All our friends are bugging us to do shows and we thought the time was right.

ID: So, if you don't have to practice, does that mean you're not writing any new songs?

Cliff: No, we've written a lot of new songs. Even though the band wasn't playing for the past six years, we'd still get together and write new songs. We've got a backlog of about a hundred songs.

ID: Do you think those songs you played that are eight years old sound contemporary?

Cliff: Well, I was surprised because we played "I want what I want," and I thought it sounded really good. We stopped doing that like in June of 1977 because it was our slowest song. When the whole thing started happening, we wanted the fast stuff so they could pogo. It wasn't really a pogo song, but now it just sounds cool.

ID: What do you see as the possibilities now? Do you think you're going to record another record, or tour, or is it just occasional shows?

Cliff: Well, we won't do a lot of shows or else they'll start putting another rare performance.

ID: Did you ever play anywhere between L.A. and San Francisco.

Cliff: Santa Cruz.

ID: I saw an ad in **Search & Destroy** for a **Weirdos** west coast tour in '78.

Cliff: Yeah, it was called "All Noise On the Western Front." Then a few months later there's a

PHOTO BY AL FLIPSIDE



THE WEIRDOS

thing called "The Western Front" that had all these bands playing the Mapunay Gardens. I coined that phrase. That was the name of our tour, it's no big deal but... we had some dates, it was just kind of a joke. We made it up to Seattle and Portland. It wasn't like L.A. or San Francisco. There were real small scenes up there. You'd go play a recreation hall or something and fifty people would show up.

ID: I saw this river with John standing on stage and all these police berating him. Where was that?

Cliff: After the Masque closed down, Brenden was doing a show in this place called Club Azteca. It was like a Mexican basement club in North Hollywood and we did two songs and the security guards with sawed off shot guns walked on stage. They were trying to calm the audience down. They never saw anything like it. We did two songs and everybody was jumping around and these guys freaked. I even have a tape of the show and they're telling the audience to behave themselves. "You must behave." and everyone in the audience is going, "sig-heil, sig-heil." to these guys.

ID: When we interviewed the Dickies, Stan and Leonard said they haven't gone out and seen a band in a club for about ten years. Since you guys broke up in '81, have you been following the L.A. music scene at all? Do you still go out and see bands?

Cliff: Yeah, sometimes. A lot of our friends are in bands.

ID: So what are your current favorite bands?

Cliff: Thelonicus Monster. Speaking for myself. The Chili Peppers.

ID: How did "Helium Bar" end up in Down in Out in Beverly Hills?

Cliff: I guess the guy who was making the movie had some guy who was working for him, and there was a scene in the movie where they needed some wild video and... we made the video about six years ago. The guys who's job it was to put together this footage saw our video and showed it to people and the director said get it.

ID: What are the lyrics to "Helium Bar"?

Cliff: I don't know.

ID: I heard all sorts of variations of the lyrics.

Cliff: So have I.

ID: Who wrote the lyrics?

Cliff: I don't think there's actually lyrics to the song. There's not really lyrics as much as the voice (being used) as an instrument. Like any other instrument making a sound. So whatever it sounds like, whatever you can make of it, those are the lyrics.

ID: I heard something about Bob Dylan and Jesus.

Cliff: It's close. (He laughs) Those aren't the lyrics. Although those would make good lyrics.

ID: How many songs have been recorded that haven't been released?

Cliff: Lots. We were actually getting to be pretty prolific writers. I guess we played the Whisky once a month for a while there. We'd have a least two or three new songs every time we'd do a show.

ID: What cover songs do you play?

Cliff: The first cover song we ever played was "Pushin' To Hard," and I have a tape of that with Captain Sensible playing with us. Then we did "Break On Through." We did "Fat Back" by Lynn Grave, and we did "Jungle Rock" by Mizzele. But we were never really a cover band like the Dickies were. We were more comfortable doing our own stuff.

ID: Did you guys think up the whole "Helium Bar" video.

Cliff: Yeah, with the guy who made the video. His name is John Bodine. A brilliant guy. He worked on the first Devo video. That was like the first rock video. And when we did our video, it was still in the very infant stage. It was probably four or five years after they made their video but... when you look at the WeirDOS now, it looks kind of crude, but it's still one of the better videos I've ever seen... You know there's a wrestler in the film and it's like the guy who was supposed to play that part never showed up. So, we were filming this downtown in this weird area where a lot of freeways meet and all these neighborhood people were curious. There was a guy there that didn't speak english. I guess he was from Mexico or Central America. He had this big

belly and we needed someone to be the wrestler so he did it.

ID: What was the strangest place you ever played?

Cliff: Really the strangest place we played, even though it wasn't strange to us, was the Masque.

ID: What made the Masque different?

Cliff: First of all it was the scene. It was all musicians or artists or fashion people. Just people interested in the whole thing at the time. It was really a small group of people. There was always this running joke that the same fifty people would always show up. It was in Hollywood. You'd go in an alley and down into this maze downstairs.

ID: Do you cringe at the term "art band"?

Cliff: Yeah, we're not an art band. We sort of design songs. I guess. Sort of put it together like art. I used to think of our music in a real linear kind of way.

ID: So before there was the word punk rock, what kind of band did you call yourselves?

Cliff: That's kind of what we called ourselves. Although we didn't want to use that term, because we started to see it crop up and stuff, and we didn't want to be lumped in. Punk rockers wore leather jackets, ripped up jeans, sneakers and a ripped up t-shirt. We didn't go for that... Our look was... like I was trying to explain. We just made our own stuff. We were just trying to be original, that's all. We just didn't want to be like everyone else. We were still into the same thing, short, fast and intense (music). We started that whole xerox thing. We'd have shirts with color xerox all over them, do our art work, and paint on our clothes.

ID: Those pants that Dix were wearing are pretty amazing. Hi-water crushed velvet bell bottoms.

Cliff: Now those we might market. (He laughs) I'd like to see everyone wearing those.

ID: Now would Dix have been willing to wear those pants nine years ago?

Cliff: Dix used to wear "the sculpture." It's like this skirt made out of cable. I don't know if you've seen any photos but... It's like a belt and then he had four cables coming from the belt to a hoop on the bottom. So, it's kind of like an invisible skirt or the structure for a skirt. It just hangs on the wall now.

ID: That was before plastic pants. You seem to go into a lot of areas other bands don't.

Cliff: We always did what we felt like doing. We're all perfectly happy. We're just kind of an uncompromising type of group. A little bit misunderstood I think.

ID: How do you think you're misunderstood?

Cliff: I can't really answer that, but I think that's good though because that means we're doing the right thing.

ID: What did your various parents think of the band when you started getting media attention?

Cliff: My son the weirdo.

ID: Did your parents ever see the band live?

Cliff: Sure. Our parents were our biggest supporters.

ID: What do they think about it now?

Cliff: They think it's great.

ID: So, they never thought of you as the rebellious child and wanted to kick you out of the house?

Cliff: They always thought we were weird but...

ID: But they accepted it?

Cliff: I guess. They encouraged it.

ID: Have the WeirDOS ever caused a riot on the Sunset strip.

Cliff: We caused riots lots of times. Not riots where people got hurt, but there were plenty of times we were doing a show and they'd have to stop the show because the audience was just getting too crazy. There were shows where everyone was just like a tidal wave. You'd get so intense that the audience would just come up on the stage. There were so many people on stage dancing around that you couldn't even see us or get the people off. The bouncers on stage just shrugged to each other, going, "What can we do."

ID: Are there any clubs the WeirDOS were banned from?

Cliff: Most clubs wanted us to play there.

ID: So you weren't like the Germs?

Cliff: We didn't really destroy equipment or anything. The Germs were banned from all the clubs, but that never happened to us.

ID: What caused the demise of the band in '81?



Cliff: There were several factors. We had been in the band for a few years by then and we just naturally wanted to go on and do other things, but we still kept in touch.

ID: So, it had nothing to do with the emergence of the hardcore scene?

Cliff: That was our audience. We disbanded when the band was on an upswing and had a new audience and stuff. It wasn't like things weren't happening for us or anything like that. We decided to quit. There wasn't really a reason I can say why the band stopped, other than maybe we had just been doing it for so many years that we needed to do other things to get inspired again for our own personal selves.

ID: Once the scene was no longer just a Hollywood scene, with fifty people going to the shows and it was five hundred people, from all over L.A., the suburbs, and Huntington Beach, you could look down on those people. The clique was broken.

Cliff: No, that was our audience. If anything, we enjoyed doing shows because the response was always great.

ID: What does Hollywood mean to the WeirDOS?

Cliff: That was always our trip. "Made in Hollywood." The WeirDOS, we were from Hollywood. We had a song called "I'm Plastic," and the first line is "I come from Hollywood / Oh, yeah, I'm plastic." So, it was all part of our vocabulary or the trip, along with the color xerox shirts and the weird posters. It was just another ingredient. Actually, we all lived in Hollywood too. We rehearsed in Hollywood. The band was formed in Hollywood. We used to put "made in Hollywood" on everything that was WeirDOS.

ID: So, was it difficult moving out of Hollywood?

Cliff: No. I'm there everyday (for work).

ID: Do you think things are kind of dead now?

Cliff: In 1977 something happened. In the last nine years nothing has happened. I mean, things have happened, but they haven't been such big changes as when it started. Look at your magazine here, and how different is that from nine years ago. They look like the same photos of fanzines I've seen.

ID: Look at the band in the picture. Agnostic Front. Do you think a band like that could have been around in 1977?

Cliff: They could have been around nine years ago on a bill with Negative Trend.

ID: Do you think it's too easy right now for a band to play and put out a record themselves? Where as for you it took a while and it was a big thing to put out your first record.

Cliff: It didn't take a while for us to put out a record. We had a record out in a few months.

ID: But it was a really big deal.

Cliff: When our record came out it was October '77. In a few record stores there would be a punk section with records coming from England, and by that point in '77 there was a clear amount of punk/new wave records. Now there's thousands of them. I stopped buying records after a while, but I still have my original collection from that year. I used to buy every new record that came out. That's when it really happened, with these first few records that came out. I think our best record was our second record on Dangerhouse "We Got the Neutron Bomb / Solitary Confinement." It sounds real close to how I imagined our record should sound. We didn't have any sort of budget to produce a nice record. It was a trial and error type of thing. We did it on our own.

ID: Was there such a thing as an independent label?

Cliff: Yeah, there were independent labels. We were on Bomp, then we were on Dangerhouse. There were lots of independent labels.

ID: So, there was distribution too then?

Cliff: No, it was totally different. There wasn't any distribution. It was mail order. If you happened to get a magazine with an ad, you could send for it. It was all like that. People would press up a thousand records and we wouldn't even get paid for them or anything. The whole point was just to get our record out. We used to give them away more than anything. That's probably the best way to do it... (talk goes on to the development of their sound) We liked the crunchy guitar sound, real loud and fast with an edge of distortion. When we saw the Damned, they were pretty speedy. That kind of lit a fire under us. We went to the Starwood and saw the Damned's first show. Brian James, he saw our first show, and I asked him what he thought. He thought we should be a little more peppy. I saw them two days later and I said, "Oh, I see what you mean." They burst out, and they were twirling around. From then on our shows were like chaotic explosions. Things would fall apart.

ID: What are the two most important bands of the last ten years that put us in the state where we are today?

Cliff: I don't know how to answer that? I think all the bands are cool. They're all unique.

ID: So, it's not the WeirDOS and the Bee Gees?

Cliff: No. We were a semi-important band for L.A., but I don't know... I don't know how the WeirDOS really fit in other than our name crops up when they talk about the Masque days or something like that. We played the Masque but we weren't really one of those bands that rehearsed down there or started in the Masque. All these bands are good, like in your magazine. It's what we're about. Everyone's just trying to have a good time, I think. That's all we were... It wasn't like a WeirDOS show was this real important event. We liked to make our shows into events and stuff in that sense, but not to change things or be political. Shows were just to have fun and get some exhilaration.

ID: Did you have to do a lot of promotion? Did you have to go out and put flyers all over the place?

Cliff: Oh yeah, you got to work shows if you want them to really happen. Every show we'd do a flyer.

THE

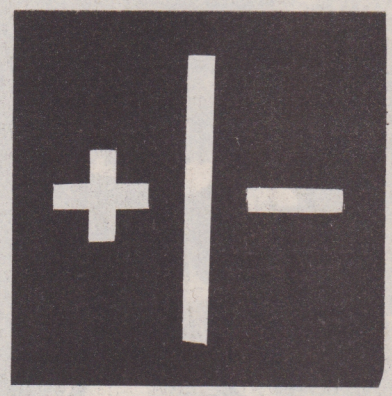
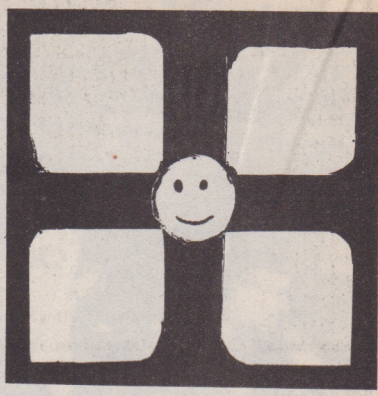


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ID: So, you made your own flyers.

Cliff: We'd do our own album covers, our own flyers, everything. Our clothes, we had banners. I still have this big flag, that's a **Weirdos** flag. It had a Maltese cross, that was all fluorescent colors, and a happy face on it. Then there's a big W and a plus and minus sign. It was all like little elements from our art days. We had big banners. Nazi or Roman kind of banners, we used to put up. We had big backdrops.

ID: I think Goldenvoice or some other promoter will make a flyer for the bands now. Like the show you're going to be doing you're not making a flyer for that show.

Cliff: That's a whole 'nother trip. I'm not going to make a flyer for some other guys show. It's not even our show.

ID: But that's what's happening, with production companies like Babbie-On, and it's rare that individual bands will put on their own shows. I think bands just don't do that anymore.

Cliff: No, because bands do shows for promoters

now, and that's the promoters job to promote the show. So, they either make a good poster or they make a crummy one. That's a fifty fifty kind of thing.

ID: So, do you think bands are hurt or helped by promoters?

Cliff: I don't know. There are bands that do their own artwork.

ID: We've all been collecting flyers over the years and the quality seems to have gone down hill.

Cliff: First of all, if you want to do it, you do it. I can show you flyers that we used to put a lot of work into. We'd spend hours and hours and we were graphic artist too so we'd do all the photography and put them together. Then later on I stripped it down to the bare essentials. It would say, the **Weirdos**, the date in interesting numbers and then Starwood.

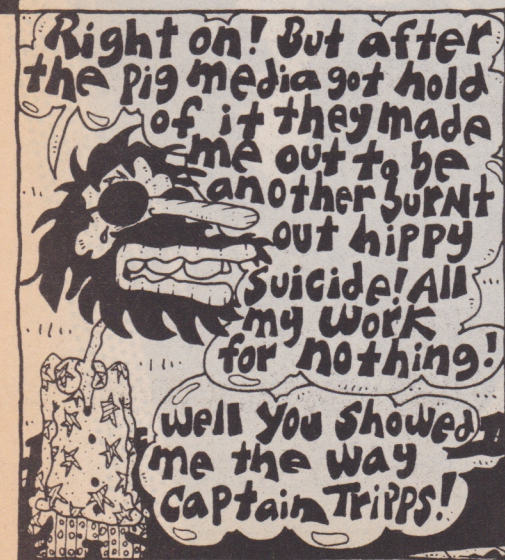
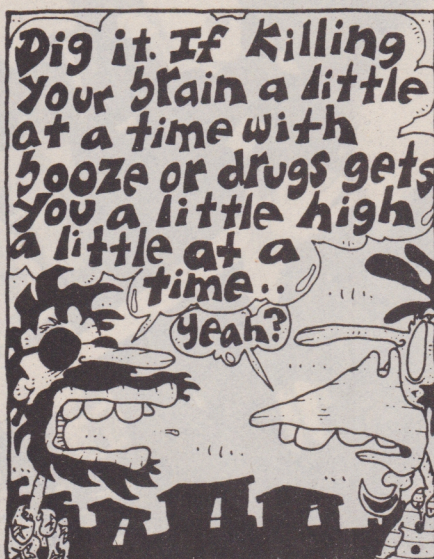
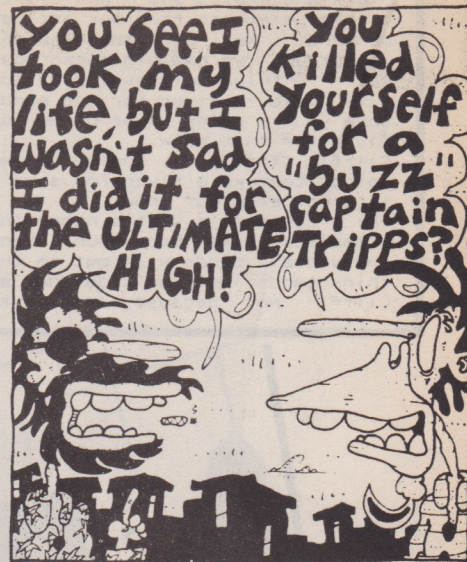
ID: Any last words?

Cliff: We don't do interviews.



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RECORDS

L.P. 3

ABANDONED—"Killed By Faith"

This record is a complete waste of time and / or money. The attempted metal/punk sound is stripped of its heaviness by a tinny production, and played with the ferocity of a herd of onrushing poodles. Tony is still the quintessential role model for snotty teen whining and with the reformation of the Adolescents his "talents" should be better exploited. (Savage Beat Records / P.O. Box 2332 / Buena Park, CA. 90621)---Brady

Amor Fati—"Will to Live"

This six song E.P. on Flesh records surprisingly resembles a "Crass" label album with its artwork and political lyrics. Some songs could be compared to "Psychic T.V." and "Flux of Pink Indians." Their music is in the wave of industrial trend that is now sweeping the east coast. The music was performed over a year ago and the band has taken a new direction since. I enjoyed the e.p. but it's not unique. If you like the industrial and crass bands you'll enjoy this. (Flesh Records / P.O. Box 5040 / North Bergen, N.J. 07047)---Rachel

ANTI SCRUMTI FACTION—"Damsels in Distress"

After four months of semi-retirement from the vinyl reviewing and rodeo circuit, A.S.F. thrust yours truly back in the proverbial saddle with some of the blaziest tunes with some of the blaziest tunes since **Teddy and the Frat Boys**. For those of you not fed on post Angela Davis ultra core, this radial tire feminist trio may take a spin or two to melt the soles off your earth shoes. It's hard not to get hooked on the infectious rhythms of beefy cuts, like "Slave to My Estrogen" and "Big Dick," which offer those love to hate love songs not often found in the upper reaches of Colorado, or anywhere else for that matter. (Unclean / Flipside / P.O. Box 725 / Sand Springs, Ok. 74063)-----Steve Alper



ARTLESS-12" EP

The thrash is so primitive and sloppy, the production so thin and garagey, the lyrics such an obvious attempt to push your political buttons (and I don't really care if he means it all), this wax is for collector's only. (Placebo Records / P.O. Box 23316 / Phoenix, Az. 85063)---BRADY

ARTLESS / GG ALLIN-"Artless / GG Allin"

Artless are a bunch of yapping methodical punks who can barely play their instruments. Their lyrics are a sophomoric attempt at being political. Please, somebody shut these guys up. **G.G. Allin and the Scumfucs**, on the other hand, need more than shutting up. I'd say lobotomies are in order. They assault the listener with the most disgusting, pornographic lyrics anyone could ever ask for. Their obsession with sex probably stems from a complete lack of it. And ain't no girls ever gonna touch these guys if they keep this shit up. These jerks are the world's best argument for the P.M.R.C. (GG Allin / P.O.B. 54 / Hooksett, NH. 03106)---Flint

BEDLAM-"Lost in Space"

When you've got songs that are this blazing, no self-respecting turntable would dare make the mistake of playing this record at any speed other than 78 r.p.m.'s. The six songs flew out of the speakers and smacked me right in the mug at nothing short of light speed. Their cover of "Lost in Space" is not the one you hardcore aficionados probably remember **S.O.A.** doing a few years back, but the genuine Will Robinson theme, heard every Saturday afternoon, on channel eleven. Like they say on the sleeve, "no synthesizers were used on this record" and I have a more than slight feeling that these boys really mean it. (Buy Our Records / P.O. Box 363 / Vauxhall, New Jersey 07088)---Steve Alper

THE BONELESS ONES-"Skate For The Devil"

Get out there and bang yo' head. The boneless ones deliver consistent skate thrash music. The album contains a special thanks to Frank Nazworthy, inventor of the urethane wheel, so don't expect anything deep or meaningful. Just smash things up. (Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA. 94702)---Flint

THE BROOD-"The Brood"

They're on the same label as **Run DMC**. Producer Glen E. Friedman also brought **Suicidal Tendencies** to the world. Despite all this, suburban rich kids probably won't like the **Brood**. Singer Jon Nelson sounds like Lemmy before thirty years of weed and whisky. The metal is contemporary but has strong roots in **Ted Nugent** and **Judas Priest**, not **D.R.I.** and **C.O.C.**. This is real good, and not as wimpy as you think (there is some **Metallica** speed on here, which all "thrash-til-death-or-until-I-can-think" people will like). Not bad from 4 guys who look like Westwood regulars after shock therapy (gimmie that timeless **Suicidal** look any day over this!!). (Profile Records / 740 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003)---Brady

CLARENCE GATEMOUTH BROWN-"Pressure Cooker"

Well, this ain't the stuff that's gonna turn ya into a blues hound but it's nice, relaxing stuff that'll make you feel pretty cool. **Brown's** guitar work doesn't make my heart work doubletime but his goodtime humor is charming (like on "Ain't Nobody Here

but **Us Chickens**" on which he expounds on the punchline of the (infamous farmer's-daughter joke) (**Alligator Records** / Box 60234 / Chicago, IL. 60660)---Brady

THE BURNT-"Where's My Head?"

If you're looking for the next cool "hardcore" record, this is it. These guys try pretty hard to be offensive, but it's hard 'cos cliches get old quick. It would sound better if the guitar were louder, anything to make the sound less shallow. Lyrics are sort of like, well, downright depressing. All you kids should buy it and play it loud if you wanna piss off your parents. (47 Mertie Ave. / Midland, Pk. N.J. 07432)---Brian



BUTTHOLE SURFERS-"Rembrandt Pussyhorse"

Relying on the power of women's body-building to guide their every move, which includes, the free-basing of steroids, has enabled the **Butthole Surfers** to flex new muscle. Like the title of the LP suggests, their imagery draws on some classic elements, while others defy the usual record review definitions. Adding piano, violin, organ, live stock and covering the **Guess Who's** "American Woman," one could say that they're now dabbling with "normal." This move couldn't be further from the truth. While not going the all out chaotic route of "The Shah Sleeps in Lee Harvey's Grave," they have crafted their musicianship and production quality to expand the inventiveness of some truly sick individuals. Fortunately, the **Butthole Surfers** are living proof that creativity can still be challenging, fun and scary. Not for the weak of heart or mind. (Touch & Go Records / P.O. Box 433 / Dearborn, MI. 48121)---Steve Alper

CHILDREN IN ADULT JAILS-"Man Overcome By Waffle Iron"

I heard it through the grape vine that this was the most talentless effort since the hey day of **White N' Hairy**. This record supposedly was void of even the slightest traces of musicianship, which of course peaked my interest at once. After repeated listenings I am disgusted to report that my expectations were completely shattered. When your hoping for bad and all you're delivered is great thrash n' art, by three woman and a guy named Chris. I find it very disillusioning to be so entertained when I had my heart set on so much less. Not even one chorus of "Reagan Sucks," boy am I disappointed. (\$4.99 ppd. in the U.S. Make checks payable to James Dunlevy and send to: Buy Our Records / P.O. Box 363 / Vauxhall, N.J. 07088)---Steve Alper

THE COLORS--"Vivid Colors"

It's kind 60s, kinda now, kinda boring. This psychedelic revival is bound to blow over soon, but until then, bands like **The Colors** will keep springing up. Don't get me wrong, **The Colors** aren't bad, sometimes they have a meaty garage band sound, they could just use a large dose of originality. (**The Colors** / P.O. Box 15481 / Detroit, MI. 48215)---Flint

CONTRABAND--"Girls of All Nations"

Connecticut hardcore with a twist of pop is what **Contraband** try for. "Inside Out," has a little **Marginal Man** type feel to it. "Chantal," sounds a lot like **Agent Orange's** "I'm so Bored," but with humorous lyrics about their favorite **Burger King** waitress. They also have a few instrumentals. On "Spirit," they sing "What's the use of yelling if you won't yell loud," which seems to be a problem of theirs. The vocals just lack drive and feeling. On the whole **Contraband** reach deeper than most hardcore bands to come up with some humor, well thought out lyrics, and different hardcore sounds. (Que Tell Records / 11 Elliot Street / Norwalk, Ct. 06855)---Thomas

The CONDITIONZ--"Weird America"

There are some rock & roll songs like "Pills" that are kind of nothing. On the other hand I like "In an East /alley" with its Don McClean "American Pie" type sound made more pop and less folk ballad. There are a few songs with a rough garage edge like "Tell Me," but the majority, like "In the Vogue," which is vaguely reminiscent of the Jam's "London Girl" have a more accessible and less exciting sound.---Thomas

Seeing that we got two copies of this record and Thomas didn't inform me that he already reviewed it, another desecration is in order.

Evolving from the **Joe Jackson** syndrome, which dominated their earlier effort, **The Conditionz** have opted for the straight forward approach, with a slight touch of grit and raunch thrown in. Still not the most original force making noise from this side of Riverside county, but there is noticeable improvement, which allows for some tolerable listening. The songs are kinda catchy and clocking in under the two minute mark is a definite plus. Short, sweet and out of there, is what power pop is all about and that's what **The Conditionz** do pretty well. End of story (For info write: **Bob Nye/Primal Lunch Records** / 10565 Cochran Ave / Riverside, CA. 92505)....Steve Alper

COUNTRY BOB & THE BLOODFARMERS--"Goin' to Hell in a Hatbasket"

Twang, twang and more twang. These Texans conjure up images of a time when frontierland didn't require an E ticket and men were men and sheep were scared. The prairie punk is belted out at speeds not seen since the great dust bowl headed west on route 66. The only thing that is heavier handed than these good ole boys sense of humor is the abundance of skulls on the record jacket. In all my days of leather clad slam-a-thons, at the olympic auditorium, never have I eyed so many skulls plastered on to one surface. We're not taking skulls, but skullssssssss. Besides this being the greatest piece of raw hide vinyl since **Gommer Pyle** left **Mayberry** and joined the marines, you'll want to own this record just so you can impress

your friends with the record that has the dubious honor of having the most skullssssss in one locale. After ten years of punk, death, gloom, speed metal, suck, industrial, thrash and homogenized rock, this is quite an accomplishment. (**Manster Records** / P.O. Box 1394 / Royal Oak, MI. 48067)---Steve Alper

CRO-MAGS--"The Age of Quarrel"

Shiver me timbers, the record socks it to me like I ain't been socked for a while. This stuff is grade A prime cut muscle, to be played way too loud and distorted 'cuz there ain't no subtlety about it. The lyrics are as hard as the music-with more than a bit of utter misanthropy about it all. Effective chops, words and, yup, the New York look, make an impact. (**Rock Hotel / Profile Records** / 740 Broadway / New York, N.Y. 10003)---Brady

DAS DAMEN--"Ecstatic Peace"

From cover to content **Das Damen** are not an easily defined band. The first song, "Tsavo," sounds like **Husker Du**, complete with backwards guitar intro, but without quite so much distortion. On the other songs music from bands as diverse as **the Boomtown Rats**, **R.E.M.**, and **the Replacements** shine through. From the way they look **Red Cross**, and the late 60's early 70's era is brought to mind. What I'd like this band to have is a tighter more cohesive direction and sound. The feeling produced is a little loose and songs have a tendency to self destruct or never come together. Nevertheless **Das Damen** have produced a diverse and interesting, six song record. (**Das Damen** / 77 Bleecker #1211 / N.Y.C., New York 10012)---Thomas

DEEP SIX--Compilation

When listening to a compilation from a city that has rain for all but about six days out of the year, you get the feeling that things are going to be far from normal, especially when the six bands are none other than, **The U-men**, **Green River**, **Soundgarden**, **Skin Yard**, **The Melvins** and **Malfunkshun**. Usually compilations aren't my cup of buttermilk, because of their more often than not disjointed quality, that makes any form of listening tedious at best. With "Deep Six," however, there is a common thread of raw, primitive and throbbing sound that makes for a rich vinyl excursion, that shouldn't be missed. This record offers more than enough fun loving damage of the Seattle sound to get your feet wet, without coming even close to being waterlogged. (C/Z records / 1407 E. Madison / Seattle, WA. 98122)---Steve Alper

DEZARK--"Dezark"

In case **Stryper** isn't enough, here's another commercialized heavy metal band singing the praises of God Almighty. These metal god weenies provide four inspirational tunes to make you feel good about yourself and to instill faith to rid you of your demonic tendencies. This album is indicative of the weakened state of organized religion. ("Stone-High" Records Corp. / P.O. Box #2544 / Baton Rouge, Louisiana-#70821)---Flint

D.I.--"Horse Bites Dog Cries"

Some pretty cool sounds from O.C.'s self proclaimed number one band have been captured on this album. It's fast and furious as usual but least we forget the lyrics. Such songs as "No Moms," "Pervert Nurse," may be dear to the heart with these boys but they leave me cold. It just seems with all their talent **D.I.** are not really breaking new ground, even though they are still putting most So. Cal. bands to shame. Worth while for sure, but I think they could deliver more. Now that the **Adolescents** have reformed we'll see what happens, maybe they will do just that. (**Greenworld** / 20445 Gramercy Place / Torrance, CA. 90501)---Thomas

DIED PRETTY--"Next To Nothing"

By way of Australia comes a dose of hauntingly dark songs, that I would normally reserve for "the impress ones friends with your abundance of sensitivity bin." In this case, the rich texture of guitar and vocals blend nicely throughout the four songs, especially with "Ambergris." (for those of you not familiar with the word, it's not Aussie for Aborigine, rather it is, "a waxy substance found floating in or on the shores of tropical waters, believed to originate in the intestines of the sperm whale, and used in perfumery as a fixative," in case you were wondering.) which sounds like a cross between **Tom Petty** and **The Doors**. The songs are actually pretty touching without seeming in the least bit high-brow or boring. Not a bad track in the bunch, and educational to boot. (What Goes On / P.O. Box 570 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-570)---Steve Alper



DAYGLOW ABORTIONS--"Feed Us Fetus"

Dayglow Abortions specialize in "Stupid Songs." "Feed Us Fetus" dishes out the best of this style of music in the manner of the **Angry Samoans**. This album is replete with frantic, hard-edged music and completely irreverent lyrics. Particularly notable are "Stupid Songs" and "My Girl." This album delivers consistently amusing stuff. (**Toxic Shock Records** / P.O. Box 242 / Pomona, CA. 91796)---Flint

DIE KREUZEN—"October File"

The bouncy, punk, funk, metal rhythm is more restrained and calculated sounding than in their previous releases. Dan's garbage disposal vocals are gone, replaced by an attempt to sing which ends up adding to an already increasing heavy metal sound.

Die Kreuzen never were a straight hardcore band, but they could sure be as chaotic as hell. The sound is now more in line with post hardcore noise bands from the east coast. This release just can't match the uncontrolled fury of their debut l.p.. Gone are the sharp bursting and rapid bubbling sounds replaced by a slower build up of atmospheric noise.

However, this is still a fairly solid release, with good use of this atmospheric sound, on songs like "There's a Place," "Hide and Seek," and "Cool Breeze." Not easy listening, punk or noise but somewhere vibrating at low speed in the twilight zone. (Touch & Go Records / P.O. Box 433 / Dearborn, MI. 48121)---Thomas

E*I*E*I*O—"Land of Opportunity"

If cowpunk ever became a top 40 mainstay, I'd definitely lay my bucks down on this here band. Although the influence is more in the C&W vein and often sounding strikingly close to R*A*N*K*A*N*D*F*I*L*E, their music is too fresh and polished to be branded with such a narrow label. The production, by Steve Berlin of Los Lobos fame and possible fortune is U.S.D.A. choice and the added acoustic guitar work of T-Bone Burnett on "Blue Mountaintop" don't hurt any.

Frontier records, the indie label that supplied a steady diet of hardcore classics over the years, from the likes of The Circle Jerks, China White and Adolescents has done a major about face with their newest releases, including this here record. Judging by the quality of E*I*E*I*O, their glory days lay ahead, not behind. (Frontier / P.O. Box 22 / Sun Valley, CA. 91353)---Steve Alper

EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY—"Nihilist Olympics"

My first thoughts: wimpy...lame. But after a few songs the cogs are turning in my head. I'm thinking these guys are pretty cool. The music is poppy, with some sing-a-longs, good lyrics and it's not generic. It's easy to like this, unless you're Sluggo Hardcore looking for something to hold you over until the next Exploited album comes out. This will grow on you like a fungus. Catchy bass lines. I dig it. (One Dimensional Records / P.O. 923 / Northampton, Mass. 01060)---Brian

FOLLOW FASHION MONKEYS—L.P.

The Follow Fashion Monkeys pack a lot of influences into their thrash attack. Youth Youth Youth, Code of Honor, the latest incarnation of Wasted Youth, M.D.C., the Dicks, the Circle Jerks and even a tiny bit of Crass seem to be there. Most of the songs are fast fast fast, or s-l-o-w. They rely a little too heavily on these two gears but still have enough drive to send them across the finish line a winner. This lack of pacing diversity (for example, they play "For What It's Worth" too fast and like Plain Wrap don't do it justice), along with a few songs themes being too close to other hardcore bands are about my only complaints here. "Hot Mustard," is another short food song to add to a growing list, in that now famous

Descendents' mold, and "Degeneration X," which while taking a few well placed shots at Billy Idol, add some humor. Probably the thing I like best about this band is it's fusion of anger, concern and positive energy, not too common an occurrence anymore. By the way, they got their name from a song by Bunny Wailer off his "Protest" L.P. (F.F.M. / 510 Elliger ST. / Allentown, PA. 18102)---Thomas

GENUINE HOUSE ROCKIN' MUSIC—Sampler

Pop yer needle down on Hound Dog Taylor's cut. Then seek out full albums by the man (available from Alligator Records) for irresistible roots blues. The rest of this compilation is much more contemporary (i.e. slick and laid back) with only one or two ass-bootin' guitar jams to groove to. Look for Hound Dog. (Alligator Records / P.O. Box 60234 / Chicago, Illinois 60660)---Brady



GERMS—"Rock N' Rule" (Live at the Masque Reunion, Christmas 1979)

This album wins a place in my heart for its nostalgic appeal. It's worth it just to hear Darby snarling at the crowd once more. Made from a Geza X tape, and produced by Geza, the sound on this album isn't as bad as I expected it to be. It's not great either, but it does a pretty good job of capturing the tribal spirit of a Germs show. If you've seen the Germs live, this album will take you down memory lane. If you haven't seen the Germs this l.p. will provide a good history lesson on the early L.A. punk scene. (Xes Records / 6201 Santa Monica Blvd. / Hollywood, Ca. 90038)---Flint

GONE—"Let's Get Real, Real Gone For a Change"

G. Ginn reasserts himself as guitar prophet with this one. Making one forget about "Weeding Out" (which was, like, close to Nowheresville), Greg tightens up and keeps it short with the indispensable aid of a rhythm section from back New York way. The trio gets as funky as it does metallic, and there's even a little Latin influence in one song that will make your ears perk up. Check this out, it cooks like you wouldn't expect. (SST Records)---Brady

GOVERNMENT ISSUE—"GI Live"

This is a story of three guys and a myriad of bass players. Old and new cuts put together, each mixed in its own way for your listening pleasure. Obviously a must for GI fans like myself. It would have been a lot better for me if Tom Lyle would have sent my shirts months ago. (Mystic / P.O. Box 1596 / San Marcos, CA. 92069)---By Brian

HR—"It's About Luv"

The songs here have a more straight ahead rock sound which can't match fast Bad Brains stuff. It is enjoyable, however, because of some catchy parts that make it worth getting. (Olive Tree Records / PO Box 13026 / Washington DC 20009)---Thomas

HUSKER DU—"Candy Apple Grey"

Sorry no Husker review. Unfortunately they opted for wider distribution and signed with a major, so, of course we never got the record. Makes no sense at all.---Steve--

Th' Inbred—"A Family Affair"

If your interested in the Morgantown (pop. 29,431) West Virginia's version of donuts, beef jerky with a side order of Seven Seconds, slightly toasted, th' Inbred will most likely fill that order. Not quite pumped out at the 1-2-3 thrash-o-rama pacing, but a slightly jazzed style makes for a nice change of diet, ah yes, it's still pretty gosh darn fast. Musically pleasant enough, lyrically, its been said at least thirty-four times previous, without quite so much mayo. Still worth it for the back photo alone. I think I know that girl on the lower left hand side, not Janet. (Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 242 / Pomona, CA. 91769)---Steve Alper

JOEY MISERABLE and the WORMS

If you enjoy rhythm and blues, with a hint of boogie, funk and jive thrown in, then you will most likely love this record. With titles like "Pooper-Scooper," "Gerbil on the wheel of love" and "Worm symphony #1369 in the key of X" you get the idea that this isn't quite following in the traditional school of Chicago blues, or even New Jersey rhythm for that matter. The playing is clean and fast, the multi-vocal attack is tight, and they seem to have a lot of enthusiasm for what they're playing and plenty of humor. Need I say more. (Nightcrawler Productions / 418 7th Ave. / Brooklyn, New York 11215)---Steve

KILSLUG—"Answer the Call"

Dirge / Sludge 10 times raunchier than side two of Black Flag's "My War". They've captured all that is nauseous and packed it in tight. My brain is vibrating now. This is so painful. I'd love to see this band live. Ow—that hurts. (Taang Records / P.O. Box 51 / Aburndale, MA 02166)---By Brian Trudell

KREATOR—"Pleasure to Kill"

We have seen the end of "speedcore." And its name is Kreator. Zipping through a six minute song at a speed unmatched by any band, ever, (is there studio trickery involved here). Kreator are the last word. Too bad that don't make 'em any better than other forgettable thrashmetal squads, because there's no mean riffing to grab you—just that whizzing speed. It's easier and more fun to headbang to a blender....By Brady

LIVE SKULL—"Live Skull"

Never thought this would grow on me, but it has, proving that I've been listening to punk rock for too long. Six eerie damaged songs. Very percussive, like PIL or Siouxsie, but a bit more painful. Not uplifting in the least, but it shows me emotions I don't often see. Sorta opens new doors. (Marketed by A.I.D. / P.O. Box 594M / Bay Shore, NY 11706)---By Brian

LETHAL GOSPEL—"Martian Whores"

I don't know what to do about these guys. I mean, I really want to like them, but sometimes I just can't bring myself to do it. This album, is a vast improvement from their first (so Brady tells me). It has a few good songs, but sometimes I just couldn't take it. For example, does the world

is not too exciting. The lyrics are poetic and metaphoric but really say very little. They are comparable to such mainstream bands as the Alarm and the Simple Minds. These guys might actually make some money, but I'm not interested in listening to their music. (Frantic Records / 2105 Maryland Ave. / Baltimore, MD. 21210)---Rachel

M.I.A.—"Notes From the Underground"

Their music sounds the same but turned down from 45 to 33rpm. I guess when making an lp a band starts to consider the possibilities of MTV. These guys were great when they played fast, but turned down to this speed they could play a cocktail lounge. They jazzed it up a bit, but I wouldn't call them jazz. They're a

produced this mess, ought to be ashamed of himself for associating with this talentless bunch of buttholes. (Placebo Records / P.O. Box 23316 / Phoenix, AZ. 85063)---Flint

MY DAD IS DEAD—"...and he's not gonna take it anymore"

Mark Edwards plays bass, guitars, drums, sings, and he is the whole band, making most of the tunes rather minimal because of it. The songs tend to concentrate on the texture created by the repetitive sounds and his flat monotone voice. I think of the album as a celebration of the "average joe," and mostly mundane events in a white boy's / man's life. It's like taking a walk down a suburban street admiring the nicely cut lawns, shooting pigeons with a bee-bee gun, picking your nose

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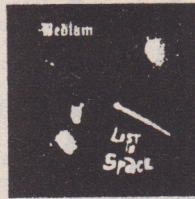
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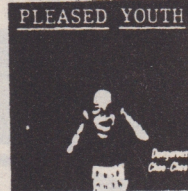


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really need a remake of "Why don't We Do It In The Road." Usually, though, these guys are o.k. (Mattx Bergren / P.O. Box 410099 / San Francisco, CA. 94141-0099)---Flint

MEAT PUPPETS—"Out My Way"

If these guys don't get signed to a South Africa-supporting multideath corporation label after this one, they never will. Very profesh and melodic tunes are served up here, some of it reminds me of the Allman Brothers. A touch of the old mania on their speedy cover of "Good Golly Miss Molly," but this one has a special seat in the Laid Back Hall of Fame. (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA. 90260)---Brady

MISSION—"When Thunder Comes"

A polished record that could easily be playing on MTV in a month. Mission

rock band not hardcore. The lyrics still have meaning. For example, "Make a Choice" asks, "Can you afford to condone a racist government?" I'd only recommend it if you're a real MIA fan otherwise get their old music. (By the way our copy came with two B-sides) (National Trust Records / 25351 Alicia Pkwy. / Laguna Hills, Ca. 92653)---Rachel

HIGHTY SPHINCTER—"The New Manson Family"

Booo! Scary music by the groovy ghoulies themselves. If you delight in trite gothic images and cliché sounds 'o' death, then Highty Sphincter won't disappoint you. Sludge, noise, gloom, doom, and sha boom reminiscent of bad Christian Death is all brought to you courtesy of Alice Cooper Himself. Cooper, who

and smelling the aroma of dogs on the neighbors bar-b-que. Occasionally a street cleaner will roll on by and you'll be reminded of death and drudgery. At it's worst it's puts you to sleep. At it's best My Dad is Dead has a sort of Joy Division quality that is entrancing and hypnotic as well as somber. (Pollution Control / 1725 E. 115th St. / Cleveland, OH. 44106)---Thomas

NAKED PREY—"Under the Blue Marlin"

This Tucson band avoids the raw edge and bite of other current groups playing the cactus rock circuit. While fortunately steering clear of a MOR sound, the music never really seems to get adventuresome, even with their version of Iggy Pop's "Dirt." The production, by Paul (45 Grave) Cutler is very adequate, but the songs

never get off the ground, due mainly to a lack of energy and drive. With a little more seasoning and not so much desert sun, these guys may someday play a dose of good rock and roll, but for the time being I'll take "Abba does Nashville." (Frontier Records / P.O. Box 22 / Sun Valley, CA. 91352)---Steve Alper

NOT-"Kids Survive"

With a name like The Not, you get an idea that the bands message gets right to the point. Identifiable imagery, backed with an abundance of cultivated energy, much in the spirit of The Jam, during the "All Mod Cons" era. Not

The OYSTERS-"Green Eggs and Ham"

I'd expect to see these guys at a small town midwest teen dance, probably in a barn. Kentucky-fried Ricky Nelson styled punk rock for your pleasure, guaranteed to get your foot stomping or put you to sleep faster than a bottle of Nytol, whichever you prefer. The singer sounds so sad and innocent it's like something from the 50's. By the way these guys are from Boston, where they were in other bands you've heard of. (Taang Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Brian Trudell

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quite your run of the mill punk pathos, but songs that are well crafted, that work for not against the lyrics that illustrate the pains of growing up. This product won't make the 6 o'clock news in terms of originality, but at least it's better than reruns of Bonanza on channel 5. (Not Records / P.O. Box 288, Cambridge, MA. 02238)---Steve Alper

OUTCRY-"Outcry"

What we have here is something like Youth Youth Youth, the hard hitting Canadian band. Outcry don't have as strong melodies or poetic lyrics and neither do they click with me the way that band did. I have many minor complaints about this band, yet they pump so much into their adrenalin soaked songs that it's hard not to like them, especially on a song like "10,000." A band that may hold some future surprises. (Positive Force Records / P.O. Box 9184 / Reno, NV. 89507)---Thomas

PAINTED WILLIE-"Mind Bowling"

These guys sure can rip it up live and that's why this record was one big disappointment. The songs' potentials are destroyed by a really yucky, flat production job that I just do not like. Their trashy metal sound is topped by some good honest lyrics that say some things that are refreshing to hear. They're singin' from the gut, but the studio stole the fire. (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA. 90260)---Brady

PEACE CORPSE-"Terror History"

It's refreshing to listen to some music that's actually intelligent. "Terror of History" is an introspective, moody E.P. that gives post punk a good name. **Peace Corpse** proves to be versatile with songs ranging from "Distaste," which is a slow, gloomy number, to "Raw Sewage," which is fuzzy and noisy. Also good is "Fascinating Waste/Terror of History." (Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 242 / Pomona, CA. 91769)---Flint

PEACE CORPSE



PLEASED YOUTH-Dangerous Choo-Choo"

Oh yes, another nice surprise from our friends in Jersey, good ol' Buy Our. This well-produced disc offers equal parts melodic thrash and U2-meets-Husker Du distorted pop. A clunker here or there, but their raging "Kick out the Jams" ain't one of them. Don't pass by this one. (Buy Our Records / P.O. Box 363 / Vauxhall, N.J. 07088)---Brady

RIGORMORTIS-"The Conveyed Message"

The only message that's conveyed here is boredom. They put it forth loud and (unfortunately) clear, by relying on Oi-styled vocals, driven home by medio-core music, with a more than slight metal edge. A pick of any of the 10 songs more than did the trick to drive me back to my much neglected Political Science home work, who ever said there wasn't a direct correlation between monotonous "punk" bands and higher grades. Along with the new Hooters double live LP, this comes highly recommended, especially during finals week. (Tabb Records / 6201 Santa Monica Blvd. / Hollywood, CA. 90038)---Steve Alper

RIM AND THE BELIEVERS-"International Funk"

Each side of the L.P. is only one song. One of which is an instrumental, with added flute. The only purpose for listening would be as dance/party music. The first song is a combination of jazz, disco, and funk. The other song has a raggaie beat with simplistic lyrics. "Fight for your rights" and "stay away from drugs" are a few of the lines. The music is cheerful and fun to listen to, especially if it's on someone else's turn table. (Harmony Records / 6201 Santa Monica Blvd. / Hollywood, CA. 90038)---Rachel

SACCHARINE TRUST-"We Became Snakes"

"We became snakes,
smooth, subtle"

Saccharine Trust has become a snake. It is smooth, subtle. It's full on jazz now boys and girls, something I know little about, but this sounds, oh so good to me. The abrasiveness of their older sound has been replaced by the dissonant bickering between guitar and saxophone, backed by flowing bass runs. Well, now it's a goatee and some Kerouac for me. Away I go. (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA. 90260)---Brady

SCRAPING FOETUS OFF THE WHEEL-"Nail"

Dig this craaaazy Broadway musical. With hard-hitting drum machine, big band blasting and some organic noise mongering, the one man musical revue has produced another amazing album. Each tune is elaborately detailed and they all add up to a sum more rockin' than the parts. (Homestead Records / P.O. Box 570 / Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571-0570)---Brady

SCRATCH ACID-"Just Keep Eating"

Scratch Acid are another in a long line of uneasy listening Texas bands. From chaotic to droning, they leave little time for you to get comfortable. A slight art noise influence combines with industrial and numerous other styles in a surprisingly effective manner. It's as if they were cooking and just threw a bunch of spices in the pot, yet almost everything tastes good.

The vocals and music are probably closest to a Mexican food combination of Theatre of Hate, Killdozer, and the Butthole Surfers, with emphasis on the last two, but it don't stop just

there. Their vocalist will appear daffy one moment then manage a comforting average feel only to quickly turn violent. Great guitars, blazing drumming, boffo bass and everything but the kitchen sink are added piece by piece until songs like the ballad of the mild manner "Albino Slug," an attack of disco from "Cheese Plug," and the stop & go "Eyeball," find their way to the surface for ultimate world rule. So, as the title of their record says, "Just Keep Eating," and enjoy your meal. (Rabid Cat Records / P.O. Box 49264 / Austin, TX. 78765)---Thomas

THE SCREAM-"This Side Up"

What can I say except that this is the total music phenomenon. It's all here... Great song writing, instrumentation, tightness... It all comes together. Even the first time I heard this it seemed instantly familiar because it's so realistic, so true. Pete's an excellent singer and every other member does his part perfectly to make this a truly complete album. It should be put in a time capsule so future civilizations shan't be denied. Well, if you've got more than half a brain you've already got this, so why listen to me. (Dischord Records)---By Brain

THE SCREAMING TRIBESMEN-"Date with a Vampire"

With all the Aussie rock that's making its way to these shores; from the primal surge of Hunters and Collectors to the Clash like approach of Midnight Oil, one begins to question if mainstream exists for them only as an import from the outback and all points beyond, well you needn't look a bit further, for here is the genuine article, complete with great production, smooth harmonies, solid playing and absolute forgettable content. These four songs represent the very essence of what I consider accessibility without being interesting. Now if they can only find a way to get rid of the big guitar sound and the fleeting moments of distortion we just might conceivably have the next Del Fuegos, or even the Gerry Rafferty band to contend with. (What Goes On Records / P.O. Box 570 / Rockville Centre, NY 11570)---Steve Alper

SEDUCE-"Seduce"

Seduce say they blend the "early 70's glitz of Sweet and T. Rex with the early 80's crunch of Motorhead. I say they don't sound like either and they blow. Death to Seduce. (Psycho-Mania / POB 23063 / Detroit, MI. 48223)---Brady

76% UNCERTAIN-"Nothing But Love Songs"

Fast and tight, 76% Uncertain second release doesn't really break past or away from their first album. They don't dig deep enough to mine their potential melody. Neither do they satisfy with an all out attack the way three of them did while they were in C.I.A.. Once again "I Hate the Radio" is great, topping the other songs but still this version is not quite up to par with the original. Maybe it's just the production that I don't like. There's just not enough variation to keep these songs from sounding alike. Also the band might be too tight for their own good.

There are some astute sentiments in the lyrics, excluding "Justice for All," where I think they deal with only the outcome and not the causes of why our justice system fails so

miserably, but none of the themes seems to be put forth in a new or exciting way. It's worth a listen though. (\$5.00 ppd. to: Mike Hammond / 556 Broadway / Bridgeport, CT. 06606)---Thomas

SHANGHAI DOG-"This Evolution"

I bought this expecting loads of Mike Graham (Ex-Subhuman) guitar riffs. Well, I was slightly disappointed but satisfied nonetheless. What we have here is a slow-to-medium paced assemblage of discerning rock and roll. I first found Doug Andrew's vocals very cold, almost irritating, but they've grown on me. In fact that's the story of this whole LP. The more you listen

the more you like. This whole Shanghai Dog experience is thought-provoking, smart, and most effective when played loud. These guys have original viewpoints on issues I had long ago dismissed as banal and cliched. (Undergrowth / 456 Seymour St. / Vancouver, B.C. V6B-3H1 / Canada)- By Brian Trudell

SKULLS-"Dress Up and Die"

Pip, Mindless and Vox, who just happen to be members of the Skulls, play a raunchy brand of rock 'n' roll. They do a cover of "Set Me Free," one of Sweet's classic's that made them a quintessential 70's arena rock band. Songs throughout the album bear some resemblance to Decry's "Japan" material, while "Torture Ship" does the same with Sex Pistols' cover's of

THE BOLD
SOUND

early American rock 'n' roll standards, and even a slight bite of the great L.A. Cheifs is hidden in "Idols and Dolls." Their vocals tend toward rock god sound alike contest winners, but, despite a few unnecessary solos, the guitar rolls along quite nicely on a thick layer of distortion and occasionally produces some catchy melodies. The lyrics on side one aren't to enthralling dealing with S&M, death and drugs. Side two's lyrics are better. One annoyance is their music being too reminiscent of a lot of bands, but these leather jacketed rockers do it well, and no doubt will deserve the success they receive if they continue to plug away at it. (Buy Our Records / P.O. Box 363 / Vauxhall, N.J. 07088)---Thomas

SLAP-"Downtime"

I got rid of this one a few months back and didn't bother to write about it. If memory serves me, this was sometimes ambient, sometimes quirky keyboard meandering. Obviously, it left little impression on me. (Marketed by A.I.D. / P.O. Box 594M / Bay Shore, NY 11706)---Brady

SONIC YOUTH-"Evol"

Just when I thought SST were going down for the count: with Husker signing to the same label as Van Halen and Anne Hurry, The Minutemen silenced and The Meat Puppets and Black Flag striving to become the Greatful Dead of the 90's, along come Sonic Youth to blast some much needed inspiration to a still potentially vital institution (not counting Nig Hiest and Tom Troccoli's Dog). I must admit for reasons of my inability to recognize anything worth while till it finds its way into a platter of chili-cheese-fries that I'm in the process of gobbling down, or just that we never got sent a release of theirs, prior to "Evol," this is my first excursion into Sonic Youth. So comparing any of the 10 songs to earlier records seems a bit difficult, if not somewhat absurd. Although my preconceived sense of subjectivity expected a wall of feedback and not much else, so when treated to a hauntingly melodic piece like "Star Power," or the rich texture of "Tom Violence," I can begin to grasp why this band seems to be gracing the cover of your higher and glossier class mags as of late. There seems to be some genuinely original content that deserves, and demands to a greater extent, a listen or two. While easily side-stepping the trappings that seem to plague many of the East Coast "Art Loft" bands, they aptly convey a straight forward rhythmic structure.

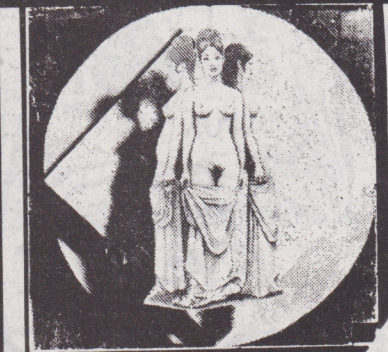
My only beef lies not with the music, but the message etched into the inner groove of the record, exclaiming, "Destroy all record labels." For the sake of SST and other hard working indies, that offer a vehicle of expression that wasn't available just a few years ago for bands such as Sonic Youth, they should save the irreverence for important wrongs, such as "New Coke" and "low Salt Spam." Other than that they've certainly got my respect. (SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA. 90260)---Steve Alper

SPACE SHOT ORCHESTRA-"Get The Bone"

This is tiresome dance music. I would call it esoteric disco but that gives the music too much credit. Yawn. (Romance Records / 8033 Sunset Blvd. #697 / L.A., CA. 90046)---Ant

SUN CITY GIRLS-"Grotto of Miracles"

So, there I am dreaming. I'm in Morocco. I wander into this real seedy bar. Well, I'm sitting there on this ripped red vinyl bar stool ordering a drink from Peter Lorre when this band starts to play. They start playing these real jazzy numbers that repeat themselves over and over and over. My head starts to hurt and things start getting worse. They start singing, but they're not singing, they're moaning and mumbling in a semi-conscious state. Suddenly, I realize I'm not dreaming - I'm listening to the Sun City Girls. (Placebo Records / P.O. Box 23316 / Phoenix, AZ. 85063)---Flint



SPEED METAL HELL-Compilation

If this record costs you more than two bucks, don't bother. Only four songs out of twelve are actually close to thrash. The rest is some of the wimpiest crap I've heard that calls itself metal. Just take a look at the pic of Midnight Vice on the back! These groups are just plain fucking awful. No wonder all the bands who play speed metal sound so good. The best, At War, is a total Venom clone but it doesn't matter. I guess "speed" meant anything faster than the album producers' pacemaker! (Greenworld / 20445 Gramercy Place / Torrance, CA. 90501)---Brady

STARK RAVING MAD-"Amerika"

Dirty Rotten stop-and-go thrash with a vaguely Jelloish singer is what contained within this album. I suppose if it's that easy to describe, it ain't mandatory listening. If you can't get enough gnarly, radical h-core, shred on over to your local store. (Slob Records / P.O. Box 46437 / Houston, TX 77234-6437)---Brady

THE SUBHUMANS-"Incorrect Thoughts"

The Canadian Subhumans hard to get classic album, "Incorrect Thoughts," has finally been reissued. The tracks have been remixed and lucky for us, two previously unreleased cuts appear. Wimpy Roy, now D.O.A.'s bassist, sings on such famous songs as, the "Big Picture," "We're Alive," and "Slave to My Dick." If not one of the all time definitive punk records it sure is great music, good lyrics, and lots of real feeling. (C.D. Presents Ltd. / 1230 Grant Ave., Suite 531 / San Francisco, CA. 94133)---Thomas

THEM BONERS BE POPPIN'-Compilation

I suppose it's cool to give bands some exposure through compilation albums, but I really don't dig 'em. There's not enough of the good bands and too much of the bad ones. That's the story with this. It should have been a split LP with only two bands:

Blast and (the Improved) Verbal Abuse. There ain't enough of them on here. Still better than an average Mystic/K-tel release, but a sleeper nonetheless. (Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA. 94702)---Brian

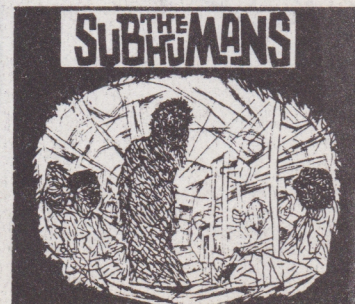
THEM BONERS BE POPPIN'



THEM BONERS BE POPPIN'
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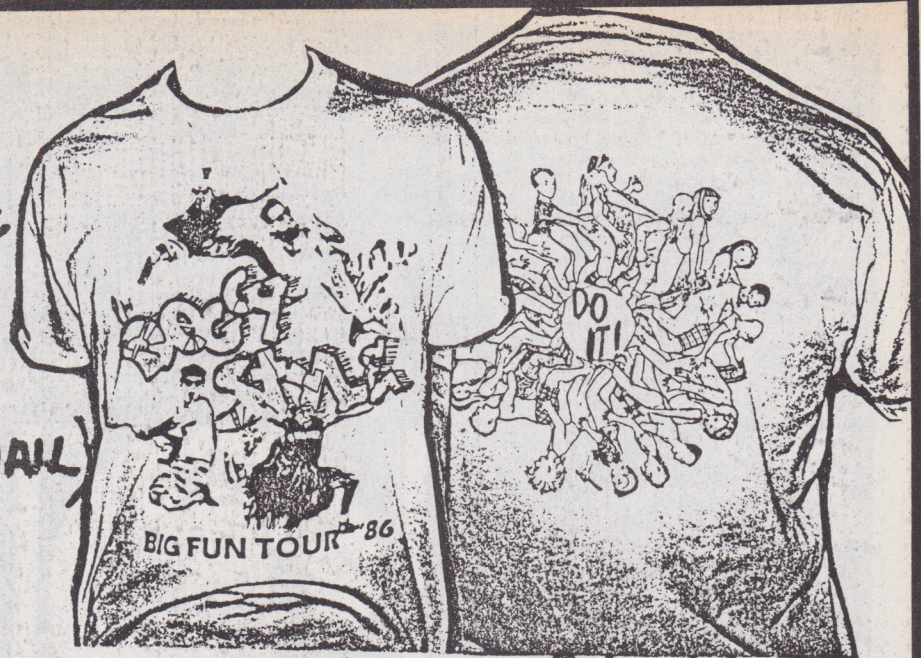
L.A.'S WASTED YOUTH-"Get Out of My Yard"

Let's take a trip back in time, to a few years ago, where a mediocre, third generation punk band by the name of Wasted Youth had just released a dismal record, titled "Reagan's In." Like most trash it soon became a classic and the band was the toast of the town. Their singer proved to be an asshole, and never refused an invite to display the article in question. Like most bands headed for the hall of fame, they quickly broke up. Leaving in their wake only shattered memories, that occasionally would be rekindled by the likes of Circle One and Suicidal Tendencies. Well here we are some forty years later and guess who release a record, and a pretty lively one at that. But wait, there's a catch, for this is only an incarnation, with just the name and guitarist still intact. Unlike the original, the band's playing is competent. This being an album that I desperately wanted to hate, but for some reason I mildly enjoyed. The music is tight and fast, and the vocals bare a resemblance to Keith (Circle Jerk) Morris during his latter metal outings. All and all not too bad, but when you've got one person left in a group that hasn't done much in the way of anything in the past few years what's the point of retaining a name that will only serve to hinder future development. (Open Circle Records / 1905 Victory Blvd., #14 / Glendale, CA. 91201)---Steve Alper



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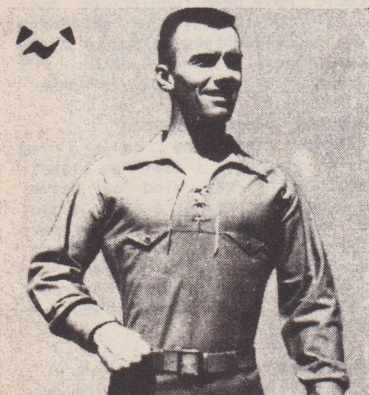


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THE YOBS-"The Wild Hunt"

The production sound is so bad on this one, I don't even know what to make of the music. Is it snotty '77 punk or 60's garage, or IQ 28 thrash, or what? Who knows? Who the fuck cares- This sounds like shit, get it away from me. (Positive Force Records / P.O. Box 9184 / Reno, N.V. 89507)---Brady



DESERT SHIRT...

THE ZULUS-"The Zulus"

Pleasurable, but not brilliant. Predominantly up tempo pop rock with fine guitar picking and a slight southern feel to the music and vocals. Pretty good stuff but not really my bag. I don't think there are any real Zulus in the band, bummer. (Greenworld Records / 20445 Gramercy Place / Torrance, CA. 90501)---Brady

*****7 Inch's*****

AKOB-"Another Kind Of Blues" E.P.

The guitar sounds phuckin cool, like buzzsaw-grindy-slide-action. These dudes look like your booze drinking party-with-me-punker type dudes and they play sorta metallic punk rock songs like English dudes, only they're from Vancouver. Pretty good. Thanks Jen! (1616 Semlin St. / East Vancouver / BC, CANADA / V5L-4K6)---By Brian

ALGEBRA SUICIDE-"An Explanation for that Flock of Crows"

An odd e.p. emerges with Algebra Suicide's choice of building blocks. The abstract poetry lyrics are spoken by Lydia Tomlin in an uneasy and selfconscious whisper. It's almost like Lilly Tomlin doing a comedy routine. The minimal music is played by Don Hedeker, unfortunately with emphasis on the slow repetitive drum machine and keyboard sounds. The guitar and bass are very quiet, leaving little musical punch to this record. Their e.p. reminds me more of a performance piece with satirical social comment like Laurie Anderson rather than straight musical numbers. (Available for \$2.00 plus \$1.00 postage from Algebra Suicide / P.O. Box 14257 / Chicago, IL. 60614-0257)---Thomas

ANTI SCRUMTI FACTION-"A Sure Fuck"

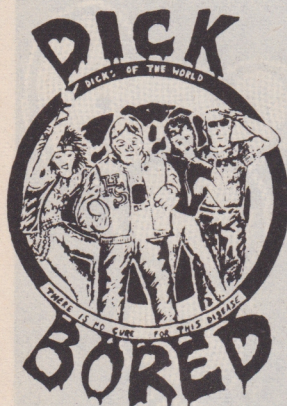
An old record. A new review. Simple, annoying thrash which reminds me of dozens of bands that were on really forgettable hardcore compilations of three or four years back. Good lyrics, though some are funny. (Unclean Records / P.O. Box 725 / Sand Springs, OK. 74063)---Brady

A STATE OF MIND AND CHUMBAWAMBA-"We Are the World?"

These two bands are definitely from the Crass mold. They both use a relatively high proportion of soft, almost love ballad sounding parts in their songs, but with the usual lyrics. They mix these soft parts with a harsh stanza of distorted guitar and guff vocals then alternate back. Male then female vocals, singing then screaming then talking are moved between and mixed freely to add to or emphasize an idea. Some of it's appealing but the obvious comparison to Crass comes up a bit short. Lyrically, which, I'd think, would be most important to bands of this type, they both rely heavily on heartfelt, but obvious criticism and generalities, with few new insights. Musically the soft parts are nice, but the harder parts don't match a band like Crass in fury and anger. The sleeve is an impressively done little booklet expanding on their political & social philosophies, making the package worthwhile, and very affordable for those intrested. (Copies are \$2.25 ppd. + \$1.00 overseas to Mind Matter Records / P.O. Box 421304 / S.F., CA. 94142)---Thomas

BLATANT DISSENT-"Is There a Fear"

Musically Blatant Dissent are similar to Chicago's Naked Raygun on their "Throb Throb," album. Naked Raygun's own, Jeff Pezzatti helps out on the production, which sometimes is a little weak, especially on the title cut, "Is There a Fear." That however, can't stop the sing-a-long choruses, deviously calm but feeling packed tempos, thought packed lyrics, and good expressive melodies from filling



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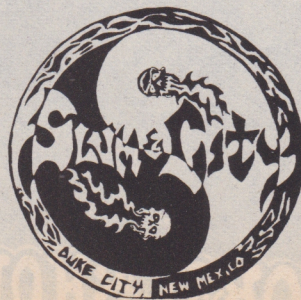
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this record with spirit in the form of funk, punk and pop. (Blatant Dissent / 765 Parkway / Elgin, IL 60120)---Thomas

DIRT HEROES-"Out of the Basement, Into Your Ear"

We have here, non-synth New Wave, a bit repetitious at times but nevertheless respectable. I'd guess these guys were punks at one time but wanted something more, thus they moved off onto a seemingly intellectual "dance rock" tangent. Worth a listen if you feel a bit adventurous. (\$3.00 postpaid from: Propulsion Records / P.O. Box 1563 / Flushing, N.Y. 11354)-By Brian

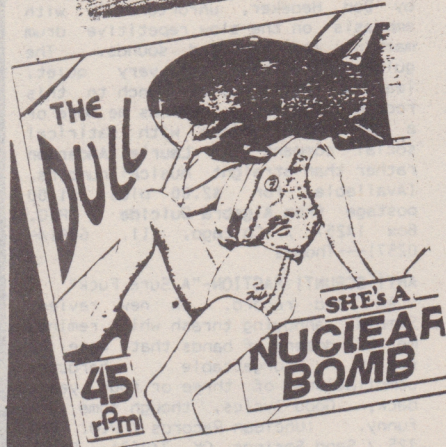
THE DULL-"She's A Nuclear Bomb"

I used to say "save us, Geza," but this time it's "save us from Geza." This metal drone band, which is produced by Geza X, lives up to its name. "She's A Nuclear Bomb" is uninspired and contrived, complete with cliché explosion sound effects and an interlude reminiscent of "Whole Lotta Love." The B-side, "Reach Out and Grab," is a little better, sort of a Black Sabbath meets the New York Dolls, but these guys are too retarded to pull it off. (Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 242 / Pomona, CA. 91769)---Flint

EIGHT ROUTE ARMY-"Wanda Sweeps Out the Sea"

The A side is just too mainstream and wimpy for me. It sounds slowed down and toned down. To make things worse, it's long and boring. The B-side, "Outside My Window," is much better. It's full of pop hooks, strong vocals, and it's got pep. At least, this stuff won't offend your parents. (One Dimensional Records / P.O. Box 9123 / Northampton, Ma.

01060)---Flint



FEARLESS IRANIANS FROM HELL-"Fearless Iranians From Hell"

These psychos from Texas storm through town like tough boys. Gruff vocals deliver stupid lyrics to go along with some macho sounding music, together they provide the background for an Iranian attack on the western world. This sounds better than it is. It could have been funnier or more satirical but it leaves us somewhere in the middle contemplating our place in the universe. (Boner Records / POB 2081 / Berkeley, CA. 94702)---Thomas

THE HUBCAPS-"Bleached Blonde"

Billboard Magazine calls 'em "Classic do-wop." I call 'em classic doo-doo. It's the kind of drive you'd expect to hear at a high school prom. The B-side has the worst remake of "Night Train" I've ever heard. James Brown has nothing to fear from this gang of bozos. (TSMB Records / P.O. Box 1040 / Dover, DE. / 19903)---Flint

GOMEZ-"Gomez"

Flying pickles, slow motion-delayed action vocals, and keyboards all add up to some light weight musical fare. The question is whether the guitarist, is Wally's and Beaver's brother, who left for art school missing the infamous T.V. series, or is Chuck Cleaver some how related to the Addam's Family. I don't know if Gomez would go for this at all. (Gomez / 2925 Cleinview Ave. / Cincinnati, Ohio 45206)---Thomas

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HAPPY WORLD—"Jump For Joy"

This young Colorado band has extended their songs on this, their second record and has yielded mixed results. Sometimes they sound like they're trying to be **Black Flag** with the virtuosity of **A.S.F.**, but they can also crank out a **Scratch Acid** type of buzzing frenzy. They even rock out on the great "Carefree," not unlike something off of **Soul Asylum's** latest. If the band sticks it out long enough, I see some big things comin' their way. (Regressive Records)---Brady

THE IRRITATORS—"Gotabona"

Experimental / electronic muzak usually falls into one of two domains; there's the sophisto drone, which prides itself on only 4:00 a.m. air play when the cerebral cortex is in leisure world and then there is the herky-jerky no wave variety, crying out for prime time listening and ending up with only 4:00 a.m. airplay. It's only on rare occasions, such as this when the two are fused into an oddly perverse, but agreeable blend, that things start to get interesting. By crafting the sublime with the absurd, do songs like "Gotabona," "Squirt Down M' Leg" and "Big Ben" successfully throb out my speakers, to create a pretty desirable sound. I think these boys are headed for bigger things, like the 3:00 a.m. slot. (Robey Records / Box 808 / Newhall, CA. 91322)---Steve Alper

JFA—"My Movie"

It's amazing how five or six years of rockin' has taught Brian absolutely nothing about singing whatsoever. That's the only thing enjoyable on the miserably plodding "Desert Jewel" opus. The other two cuts—both instrumentals—are lack luster stabs at latter day **Damned** material that come nowhere near the target. Come on, dudes, shape up or break up. (Placebo Records / P.O. Box 23316 / Phoenix, AZ. 85063)---Brady

JOHN GUINN—"Street Fighting King"

Bubbie gum pop goes didactic! Want to hear the guy who wrote disco music for **All My Children**? Now, he wants to be the next **Bruce Springsteen**. How sad. (TSMB Records / P.O. Box 1040 / Dover, DE. 19903)---Flint

JOJO KENN—"Goin Thru the Motion" b/w "Don't Follow Me"

I knew I was in trouble when the accompanying description used terms "electronic - New Wave" and "sounds of the 1990s." This guy looks like he crawled out of the Bat Cave. He sounds like a bat guano. If you want a cross between **Gruppo Sportivo** and "It's a Small World After All," don't miss this single. It has the same noxious, catchy quality and the same lack of substance. Extremely silly. (TSMB Records / P.O. Box 1040 / Dover, DE. 19903)---Flint

KIDS FOR CASH—"No More Walls e.p."

These guys remind me of my brother and his friends, a new generation of hardcore punks, high spirited and not yet jaded. The "Same old Thing," is directed at people who think they've heard it all. On "Building Walls," they have a more realistic view of the unity theme. With "Faceless" and "So What," they remind us that the value of being yourself outweighs the cost. Finally "Hypocrite Rock" takes a poke at rock 'n' roll stars, who definitely deserve it. They have a good attitude which is clear on "I Can," where the title says it all.



Some of the songs sound similar to **7 Seconds**, with a nice pop feel to the hard hardcore sound. Not fantastic but above average. (\$3.00 ppd. to Rob / 5444 Midship Court / Burke, VA. 22015)---Thomas

LEFTY—"Lefty"

Why this was sent to Ink Disease I'll never know. This is plucking sad music, sob stories of sorrow set to country western music and late 60's style top 40 shit. (Fowl Records / P.O. Box 1821 / S.F., CA. 94101)---By Brian

LEGIONAIRE'S DISEASE—4 song E.P.

Alas, a posthumous release (recorded in '82) by this obscure band. Slow to medium speed punk rock with a singer who sounds neurotic, kind of like the guy in **Bodies in Panic**. It's bound to grow on you at least a little after several listenings. Well... If it doesn't I won't think less of you. (Fowl Records / P.O. Box 1821 / San Francisco, CA. 94101)---By Brian

THE LIBERTINES—"Voices From the Past"

From Cincinnati come the **Libertines**, and their own upbeat southern pop sound, which is comparable to **R.E.M.**, except faster. The same very confident, calm, deep and understated voice. The strong but repetitive melodies, that rise and fall like a tidal pattern, support lyrics that paint a slow motion picture. (P.O. Box 25477 / Cincinnati, Ohio 45225)---Thomas

MAD PARADE—"Right is Right"

What do you get when you mix classic (English) punk noise with Southern California's own fantastic (El Monte) 4? Baked in an Indianapolis, Indiana studio by the **Zero Boy's** own Paul Mahern, all on a 1/8 pound of Toxic Shock's finest vinyl and presto we have the result. Well, you get some new anthems like "This is Life," "Right is Right" and one expendable **Stone's** cover. It's a real excellent blend of ingredients that set this apart from lesser recipes. Since Ron Ray has been replaced by Michael Lawrence this version of **Mad Parade** will no longer be printed on the label. No departure has taken place just a reaffirmation of the sound experience obtained on their first record. (Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 242 / Pomona, CA. 91769)---Thomas

MAMBO-X—"Lunarafternoon Toomuchthought"

Two well-structured new wave ditties with a distinct third world influence in the guitar syncopation. Pretty unique, but the lady vocalist has the sound you gotta hate. (Mambo-X / 237 Park Ave. / Albany, N.Y., 12202)---Brady

MASSACRE GUYS—"The Rider"

Damn, I tried. I tried to find something in this I thought made it stand out. Something that would make me wanna play it again. I, didn't. It's just standard hardcore with simple melodies and a So. Ca. feel to it (although the band's from Salt Lake City). And the lyrics! Yuck! I'd rather read bad political stuff than bad poetry (not even laughable—just boring). The record's saving grace is "Kill, Kill, Kill," which features a very disturbed sounding adolescent wailing over a piano some nasty non-poetry. It brought a smile to my face. Too bad what was meant as a joke is the only great thing on this ebony platter. (Unclean Records (east) / P.O. Box 725 / Sand Springs, OK. 74063)---Brady

NECROS—"Tangled Up / The Nile Song"

Sounds like the **Necros** have been listening to too many **DOA** records. "Tangled Up" is good fast rock 'n roll. "The Nile Song" is total dead weight blubber. (Gasatanka / 1241 N. Harper, Suite #6 / Hollywood, CA. 90046)---By Brian

NUMB SEX—"USED / Sticky"

While I was listening to this three chord mid tempo grunge band, I thought about the lead screamer coughing up solid chunks of blood and dying. Thereby silencing him forever. (\$3.00 from Sean McDonnell / 275 Bates Dr. / Cheshire, Ct. 06410)---Brady

OH NO!!—"Giant Mantis"

Oh no! Don't make me listen to this record again! Well, it's not quite that bad, but it's like intellectually lame 1981 new wave by three guys who must listen to **Rush** records or something. They claim they've got nothing better to do. The lyrics are stupid, but the foldout cover is way cool. (For info write: Oh No!!! / P.O. Box 327 / Levittown, NY 11756)---Brian Trudell

BOB PITTMAN—"Wanderer/I Just Do"

This does absolutely nothing for me except make me truly appreciate the music that I like. I could say avant-garde / New Wave. I could say repetitive, repetitive, repetitive, repetitive... (Fowl Records / P.O. Box 1821 / S.F., CA. 94101)---By Brian

PLASMA ALLIANCE—"We Can't Wait"

Raw thrash with a hoarse, growling singer. Reminds me of D.C.'s **United Mutation** in its manic incoherency. Enjoyable enough. (Depression Records / 909 Uptown Ave. / Springfield, Michigan 49015)---Brady

PSYCHO—"6 Song E.P.—Son of 8 Song E.P."

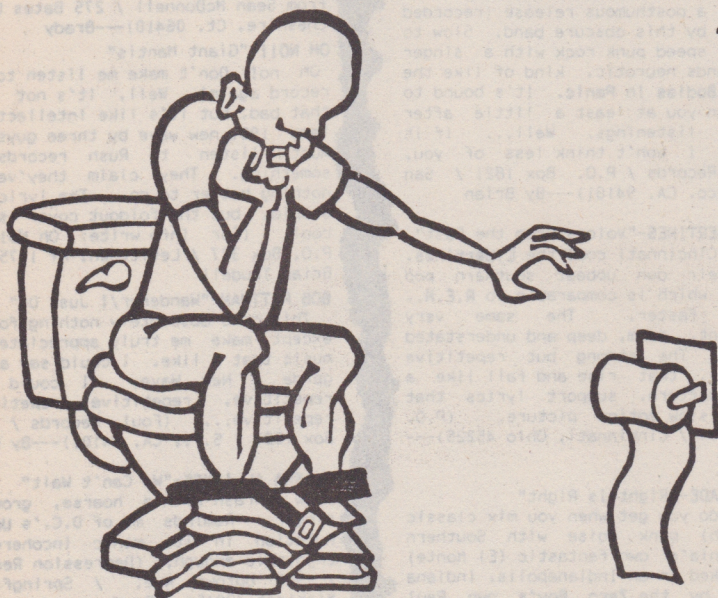
Some intense thrashing to be had here in the custom of **Raw Power**. Production's pretty good though the vocals are a bit loud. Occasionally the tedium of the click-click drumming urges me to dismiss these guys as just another thrash band, but somehow I feel there's more here. I find **Psycho** to be a bit of hope for Boston after it's glory days. (\$3.00 ppd. from John Wolfe: P.O. Box 623 Kendall Square / Cambridge, MA. 02142)---By Brian

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REBELS & INFIDELS--"Young, Gifted & Black"

This is very good. It's new but it
really has a '70's feel to it,
probably because the male/female
vocals remind me of early X. Only this
is a bit more dissonant. Hey, these
people write some good songs, and the
lyrics aren't about the same old
crapola... Quite an accomplishment in
this day and age. The only drawback
is that the sound quality lacks due to
the fact that it's a cassette. It
Even has a lyric sheet. I dig this
tape. (Fowl Records / P.O. Box 1821 /
S.F., CA. 94101)---By Brian

STATE OF CONFUSION--"6.3 Million Acres"

Back with another release, soon to
be made into an album, are Idaho's
State of Confusion. They play some
old songs and new songs with C.O.C.,
D.R.I. influences, and even a little
Discharge. A bit more speedcore feel
is present than in previous releases,
but they can still grind out some
energy packed hardcore. (S.O.C. /
2039 Blaine Wy. / Boise, ID. 83702)---
Thomas

SVART HVITUR DRAUMER--"Itch"

Icelandic post punk hardcore with an
existentialist bent is what Svart
Hvitur Draumer are all wrapped up in.
I think of snow fields, ice cream,
Public Image, Daffy Duck, the
Minutemen, the Wallmen, Box o' Laffs,
the ocean, red beans and rice, potato
skins, granite, ghetto blasters,
Asbestos Rockpile, and Dreed Fool and
the Din. So, what else is new. Well,
since they translated their lyrics
from, Icelandic to English, there
seems to be an excruciatingly ominous
poetic license that makes the lyrics
not only bizzare but bizzare. Pick
almost any line you'll know what I
mean. (\$3.00 ppd. from Warpt West
Music / P.O. Box 8045 / Santa Cruz,
CA. 95061-8045)---Thomas

TESTUBE CASSETTEZINE--"D & E"

These compilations tapes come with a
'zine.

The two cassettezines represent a
good effort towards presenting audio
material not normally found.
Cassettezine "E" is a compilation of
13 bands from five countries. This
tape provides a cross section of bands
that are a part of the underground
tape exchange scene. It is a worthy
effort because sometimes it is
difficult to keep track of the
countless existing tapes. More tapes
with this attitude are badly needed.
Cassettezine "D" attempts a similar
task, but, instead, focuses on bands
only from Ohio, the home of Testube.
This tape sounds more commercial than
"E"; however, it is a far cry from
MTV. This tape is good for anyone who
is interested in hearing some of the
new sounds in Ohio. (Each is \$3.00
and subscription are \$21.00 for eight
issues: P.O. Box 8421 / Columbus, Ohio
43201)---Ant

THIRD FORCE--"Just a Little Screw"

Hardcore is played here with a
bouncy/pop edge and sounds a little
foreign because of the vocal
inflections. Plain Wrap surfaces on
the best songs and a bit of generic
thrash on the worst. The tunes are
long, likeable and fun but there's
nothing really remarkable about them.
Background sounds of this tape remind
me of soda fizz and washing machine
whining noise. (\$5.00 ppd. from: Jim
Petterson / 1256 Medford / Topeka, KS.
66604)---Thomas

WALLMEN--"Super Sonic Witchcraft
Cookies"

Again, another interesting tape from
the Wallmen. It sounds like many late
nights in the studio, drinking tea and
smoking cookies. I don't know if this
could be played live but the tape
represents a compilation of many
interesting musical ideas (and they're
fun too). (\$3.00 ppd. to Jethro /
7711 Lisa La. / North Syracuse, N.Y.
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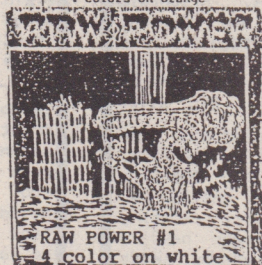
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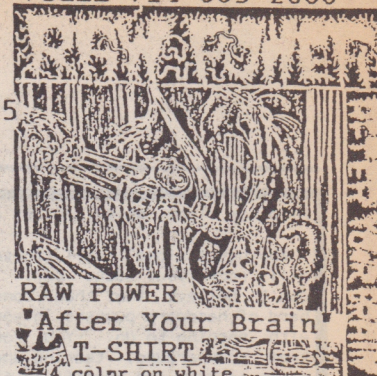


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FlipSide videos #6, #7, #8, #9 and #10

Why buy a video? Well, these things will rock your socks off. If you don't believe that then consider a herd of hardcore punkers in your house with nothing to do. You could let them roam around, tearing apart the place or keep 'em transfixed for a few hours with a FlipSide Video. Not only can you entertain guests but lively discussions get started from watching these. The state of punk, political views, Amiee Mann & Til Tuesday, Tattoos, and other topics pop up as conversation.

Still, are they really worth while? Well, it is up to you, and a lot depends how much you like the bands. Remember this guide is only a brief overview, so send away for a FlipSide catalog (a 22 cents stamp will get you one). Live videos can be outrageously exciting but more often just a dull bore. This is especially true for an Olympic Auditorium gig, which unfortunately a lot of the material is from. Another problem is sound quality which is hampered by coming out of the T.V. and tends to vary in the extreme. Sound quality is hard to control and none of the videos are in stereo, but they are making technical advances on the picture quality that are making them look better.



FlipSide Video #10: Government Issue start off this video with some live material at Fenders. The picture's fairly clear as is the music and some of Stabb's personality comes across, but this is not thrilling. It falls short of G.I. stuff on other FlipSide videos. **Red Waste's** music is a little lack luster, and repetitive, and the vocals are hard to hear on this live performance. However, **Red Waste** do get into their tribal drum beats. **C.O.C.** play two songs at the Olympic and both are an extreme disappointment. The sound's not good and the audience never appears with the band, so there is a lack of a live feel. **Raszebra's** sound quality is fairly good at Madame Wong's, but I'm not into the band. The weak singer doesn't help me either. **7 Seconds** play three songs in different locations. They're all energy packed performances with lots of crowd action, so if this is your band you won't be disappointed. **Sin 34** do a lousy mini interview and play some

boring songs. The four large hair balls (the **Necros**) rock out. Their first tune is a snooze, the second rumbles and third's a real rocker. The sound quality is only okay and the vocals are a little hard to hear. But, my major complaint about the **Necros** is who wants to see hair balls when they can see a face. I'm not saying cut your hair, but the feeling doesn't translate for me when looking at a couple tumble weeds. **Frightwig** are mildly entertaining and amusing. They don't do much on stage and the tin can sound of the symbols was annoying, but other than that I found them enjoyable and funny. **Big Stick**

do a conceptual drag racing and tube top video. The band's from New York, but that can't explain it. The **Grim** are better than I thought they'd be, but they're not particularly exciting to watch and the singer has a monotonous voice. This was my least favorite of the videos reviewed here.



FlipSide Video #9: The title of this video is, "When can I sleep in Peace?" It's the political band compilation. I'm just going to highlight some good points, keeping in mind that, sadly, over half the bands were filmed at the Olympic. **M.D.C.**, those Hare Krishnas gone mad, do four songs. **Phillybury Hardcore's** own Bill Tuck sings with the lunatic fringe on "Corporate Death Burger." Dave's spitting and fuming as the audience explodes, almost taking over the stage. **Rant n' rave**, **M.D.C.** certainly earn their hardcore stripes, who really cares what they sound like. **The Scream** do a slow version of "Solidarity" and this powerful band isn't done justice by this song. **Vicious Circle and Perdition** are two Australian representatives on this tape. The **Dead Kennedys** do two songs. By far the best is "Chemical Warfare," but they cut Jello off on his after rap attack about the Carl's Jr. T-shirt he's wearing. **B.G.K.** play some solid hardcore. The best thing about this video is the **Dicks**. That sweaty big guy with the mohawk sure can sing, and the rest of the band play some rock n' punk blues. This rates forth out of the five videos.

FlipSide Video #8: #8 was a big jump in concept and quality. The video starts off with a Mission Impossible type intro. **Doggy Style** then kicks things off with a conceptual video of the song "Donut Shop Rock." Skateboards fly, donuts fly, and there's even a scene with the band playing their instruments underwater. The zoom and wide angle lenses make for the complete effect. **Plain Wrap** are fun live, doing such songs as "Red Light / Green Light." The **Circle Jerks** at the Corn Husker in Azusa and the Olympic air out some of their latest hit tunes. A tame performance for them, but it's still pretty rip roaring. **Aggression's** second song, "Salty Leather" is good punk rock, despite the vocals being too low. The **A-Sexuals** perform some melodic sounding punk. This Canadian band is usually exciting live, but due to lack of audience response the show is a little dull. **Marginal Man** play three tunes in Steve's basement. Their melodic punk sound rings out loud and clear on "Marginal Man," "Turn the Tables," and "Tell Me." They alone would make this tape worth while. **Agnostic Front** play songs with muscle at a 12XU show in Pomona. They also discuss their views. This is my 2nd favorite video.



FlipSide Video #7: This is the viewer compilation video. An amusing corporate intro that shows us the multi-million dollar FlipSide Head Quarters leads us into this video. The opening band, **Stukas Over Bedrock**, do what they call a conceptual video. It's more like home movies. Goofy stuff. **Government Issue** are live in O.C., at the 9:30 club and the excitement level's okay, but what really sets this apart is the great sound. The **Adolescents** live at the Starwood show why they were one of the top O.C. bands in the early 80's. These guys look so young, doing "Word Attack" and "Rip it Up." They have an energetic style that gets the crowd into a furious frenzy. Just watching Tony take some ungainly stage dives, (he gets a two on the olympic diving scale) makes it all worthwhile. Here's another band that gets things going: The **Big Boys** are fun, fun, fun

THE LAST WORDS

as they funk off. Great stuff. Sights include various Necros in the audience and Biscuits wailing away as the sweat rolls down his face and soaks his colorful punk rock shirt. **Plain Wrap**, with Pete Townsend Wrap singing and playing guitar, sound most abrasive. They do a song called "Punk Rock," which tries to pass itself off as thrash. Then they do the some classic pop punk, "Myron," followed by a slightly mental acappella number.

Strap 'em down and how can you lose. Then we have **Armed Citizens** do a couple live numbers. It's hardcore beyond the max, New York style. Intense stuff, mosh, mosh. **76%** **Uncertain** suffer from bad production that makes them sound weak, and they lack excitement in studio. "I hate the radio still sounds good, though. Next, former **Zero Boys** the **Dandelion Abortions** whip out some odd conceptual songs on a cable show. Indiana will never be the same. The music sounds good and the video is semi-hilarious. **Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers** have a strange censored intro to their short hardcore song, which shreds no matter what it sounds like. Then a second Italian band, **I Refuse It** has their singer impale himself on a spike, or so the story goes, after going ape shit. It's great stuff. Finally we have some Alaskan bands live and in studio. **Skate Death** do a classic food song, called "Food is Good." The **Psychedelic Skeletons** do some 60's punk but they don't show any movement. Chicken squaking and drone music come from the **Cling Onz**. There's also a fun, funny musical commercial for an Alaskan Clothing store, "Concord City," which features mismatched sock, among other things. Florida's living legends, the **Gay Cowboys in Bondage** offer more humor with "Big Fat Baloney Sandwich." This one's done by some lovable characters, who also happen to be extremely hyperactive nerds. Way we go. Last and maybe least we have the Finnish contingent. Finnish thrash sounds better on record than live, although it's fun to see the tons of leather, boredom seeking fans, alcoholic morons, and picnic atmosphere above the arctic circle. The **Bestards** pass right by with out much notice. **Rilistetyt** do some melodious punk with a Finnish Billy Idol clone singer. Then you can see **Rapplo** (I think) live at an out door punk rock festival. The sun never sets on this summer extravaganza, but the lights go out for their guitar player who gets hit in the head with a bottle, flung at high speed by a big

guy with a Mohawk. Real punk rock violence. Switch to cable and we go to **Musta Paraati**. They're the Finnish equivalent of **Duran Duran** dance music meets **Bauhaus** artsy gloom and doom. Lastly we have **Lama** completely enveloped in leather and sporting spikey hair. Although they appear on an "American Bandstand" type stage, along with smoke bombs their **Sex Pistols** type rock 'n roll punk still sounds and pounds all right. This is my pick of these five tapes.

FlipSide Video #6: D.O.A. rock off the top. They do "Fucked Up Ronnie," "The Enemy," and "Burn It Down," all with a fair amount of excitement and pretty clear sound. Again this is filmed at the Olympic Auditorium, which is wonderful for wrestling but it's not the most thrilling place to see a band. **Sonic Youth** in the dessert. Yep, they go well together. The sound of sand in your mouth and the taste of distortion in your ears is what it's all about. Great stuff for fanatics of this stuff. **Target of Demand** play some ultra hardcore Sax thrash that's a bit overkill and becomes a parody of itself. **Love Canal** do "Punk is Out/Punk is In," at the Cornhusker and a mini interview at the Olympic. Yes, they are here, live at the Sun Valley Sportsman's Hall, **Pillsbury Hardcore**. They do "Hey Bob What's Up" with singer, lil' Bill doing a little preaching rap style intro about their guitar player and skinheads. **Pillsbury** are a Noise/thrash band that embody the hardcore spirit. **Condemned to Death** are a San Francisco band that sing "Song of the SuciBus," at the Flashdance in O.C.. Then they try to explain it in an odd interview, which goes into such subjects as astral projection and faieres. The song is dubbed onto the video. At the Olympic we have the **Exploited**. They do "If the Kids Are United," "Alternative" and a few more. The sound quality's not to good but there's plenty of band energy from Wattie and frantic crowd interaction. Also Wattie does a song with the U.K. **Subs** Charlie Parker as

well as a mini interview. In the interview Wattie talks about fashion and blow-jobs. **Toxic Reasons** play "El Salvador," and "How do you Feel," at the Flashdance. The sound quality is only fair and the audience seems very subdued, making for a dull night. Next up is Canada's **Stretch Marks**. The excitement level is high, the footage fast paced and audience into it. They also do a short interview and actually end up saying something that's slightly serious. Then came **Kraut** skateboarding in So. Cal. and playing "All Twisted," and "Onward" live. The action's chaotic looking and sound is decent. Second to last **Detox** do "Placidyl Polka," at the Olympic. The highlight of the set is Human spinning around in circles with his bass straight out for five minutes. D.I. round out the tape with the **Adolescents** "No Way," and their own "I Like Guns." There's an annoying buzz throughout their set that detracts from the performance. This tape was a close third in this group of five.

To conclude this video section I'd like to point out that the first two **FlipSide** videos (#1 & #2) are more interesting and exciting than these five. If you don't have them consider getting them first. All videos are sixty minutes, with new improved tape duplication. Each tape is \$22.50 by check or money order to **FlipSide**, or \$20.00 cash. **FlipSide VIDEOS** / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA. 90608--by Thomas

*****Book Review*****

Turning the Tide U.S. intervention in Central America and the struggle for peace (South End Press, Boston Massachusetts)---By **Noam Chomsky**

If your not satisfied that you know what is going on and why there's so much turmoil in Central America this book might be an interesting starting place.

In this book, Noam Chomsky develops a total view of U.S. foreign policy in Central America, from its effects to the historical roots, and what concerned citizens can do about it. I leave his findings for you to find out if you decide to read the book.

Noam Chomsky goes to great length to accurately detail the U.S. policy. Then he either refutes the claims or puts them in perspective or notes when they are right. Far from vague his information references and quotes are carefully noted as to who, when and where, in the back of the book. Although there is no doubt what side he's on, Chomsky, an M.I.T. linguistics professor, still criticizes "liberals" and errors the Peace Movement has made in the way of strategy.

His style is to overwhelm the reader with information, which makes this an uneasy book to read. His suggestions for changing U.S. policy in Central America are pretty general, but in the vary least this is an interesting book from a historical perspective. There is a lot of information that you may not know from Nazis to Nuclear war. Indeed, Chomsky's argument grows and spreads to these and other areas. I found it an intriguing book. (By Thomas)

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